

# The Psychological Review:

A COSMOPOLITAN ORGAN OF  
*Spiritualism and Psychological Research.*

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JUNE, 1882.

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[*The Editor of the "Psychological Review" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.*]

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

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### THE LAW OF DETERIORATION AS APPLIED TO SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

WITH A SUGGESTION FOR THE ABOLITION OF DARK CIRCLES.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of April 29 contained a manifesto signed by Andrew Jackson Davis and forty other prominent American Spiritualists, which seems to me of so important a character that I venture to give it *in extenso*, and to offer a few remarks upon the same. The declaration ran as follows:—

"NEW YORK CITY, April 12, 1882.

"To whom it may concern:

"Modern Spiritualism has now been before the world for a period of thirty-four years, during which time it has been thoroughly investigated by many men of eminent scientific attainments and of universally acknowledged intellectual ability and integrity of character and purpose, who have publicly expressed the opinion that its claims are founded on indisputable and unimpeachable facts. Indeed, all that seems to be necessary to the acceptance of its claims by all unprejudiced minds, is thorough investigation.

"Believing that the greatest obstacle in the way of investigation at the present time is the prevalence of fraudulent and vicious practices on the part of certain persons claiming to be mediums for spiritual phenomena, and the endorsement and encouragement of such persons,

(notwithstanding their frequent and thorough exposures,) by certain quasi respectable Spiritualists, we deem it our duty to discountenance in every proper manner all such practices and to warn the public against them.

"While we deprecate the temporising and too conversative course of some of the papers that are published ostensibly in the interest of Spiritualism, in regard to this matter, we heartily approve and indorse the independent and outspoken manner of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, in denouncing all frauds, when proven to be such, and in cautioning the public against them, as well as in its manly defence of all true mediums."

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This is timely action and, in my opinion, has come not a moment too soon. It is, in effect, a public protest on the part of well-known Spiritualists in America against the flood-tide of fraud and chicanery which has threatened to overwhelm the movement, and which, though not so rampant in this country, has done much to damage and discredit it in public estimation. It cannot, I think, be gainsaid that the state of affairs here is anything but satisfactory, and as regards the United States, matters are, if reports are true, ten times worse. Few can realise the extent to which the evil has permeated American Spiritualism, and although it is a hard thing to confess, there can be no doubt that it has in many cases been aided and bolstered up, not only by the almost imbecile credulity of professed Spiritualists, but also, by the dilly-dallying course adopted by a portion of the spiritual press. It is therefore, I conceive, a healthy sign that such a manifesto as the one before me has been issued. It shows at least that the situation is recognised. Whether they have put their finger on the true cause of the evil which they deplore, remains to be seen. I do not think they have, and if I am right, they have only taken the first step.

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Be that as it may, it is at least evident that here we have a deeply seated plague-spot, and one which requires to be dealt with in a prompt if not drastic manner. Otherwise, in all probability, it will lead to still more disastrous results. To my mind it is easy to see here one of the principal causes which have led to the present lull in the progress of the movement, and the withdrawal of so many from any public connection with it. True, the latter may partly be accounted for on other grounds, but only to a very limited extent. The chief reason lies behind—in the unpopularity of the subject, in the exposures, and other *contretemps* of a like nature. I need not here enter into the question whether they would not have done better by remaining and lending their influence towards reformation—if they saw such were needed, for it must be remembered such have not left us through finding that Spiritualism was not true, but rather because of the folly and evil mixed up with it. It is, however, probable they would have done better by remaining. By retirement they have certainly very materially weakened the hands of those they

left behind. That, however, is not the question. We have only to deal with the fact that numbers *have* withdrawn from public connection with Spiritualism, and that this declension has been chiefly brought about by the reason stated above.

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Nor do we seem to be more successful in retaining investigators. These are interested for a time, but they soon discover the almost utter impossibility of witnessing anything under satisfactory conditions. This naturally results in their falling away. This fact has been often alluded to, but while deplored and lamented, no adequate reason or remedy for it has been suggested. The question here opened up is, of course, a wide one, but the issues at stake are so important, and affect so directly the well-being—I had almost said the very existence of Spiritualism as a public movement, that it is worthy of the deep and thoughtful consideration of all Spiritualists. I cannot here go so fully into the question as I would wish, but if what I say serves to draw attention to the evil, and leads to the inauguration of a better state of affairs, I shall not have spoken in vain.

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What, then, is the cause of the evil we are considering? It appears to me that the keynote of the whole matter is summed up in one word—Neglect. We are now suffering the penalty of an inevitable law—the law of deterioration. Let me explain my meaning. Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," puts forward the following argument as illustrating the law of deterioration, or reversion to type. He supposes a collection being made of all the various kinds of pigeons, including pointers and fantails—tumblers and carriers, and all the varieties known to fanciers, and their transportation to some island in the mid Pacific, where they should be turned loose, and left for some years. What would be the result? Darwin points out that the pigeons would have, indeed, increased in numbers, but all the varieties obtained by careful selection and breeding, would have disappeared, and the birds would have reverted to the original type or species—that of the common wood pigeon. The same thing would take place with roses and strawberries in a garden. If neglected, deterioration would follow, and in place of the Queen of English flowers, and the most delicious of fruits, we should find only the wild strawberry and the common dog-rose of the hedges. Let me carry the argument a step farther. The fish, in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, living as they do, in a place where the light of day never enters, are devoid of sight, although they do not spring from an eyeless stock: the faculty has simply been lost by disuse. Nature ever thus revenges herself, as, for instance, in the case of the mole or the Indian devotee. Many of the latter, from mistaken religious motives, will place an arm or leg in one position, and then vow to remain in the same posture for many years. What is the result? Simply that the use of the arm or leg is lost, and the limb becomes shrivelled up to skin and bone—the shadow of its former self. This law, I need not point out, is unailing: deterioration ever follows neglect.

Is my point clear, or do I need to state it in plain words? If so, what I want to enforce is, that we are now paying the penalty for neglecting to cultivate the higher conditions. And the result is and will be, so long as present methods are persisted in, an increasingly inferior type of phenomena. There is no other result possible. It is folly to suppose that the phenomena of Spiritualism are exempt from a law which governs all other forms of life and thought. Depend upon it, this law applies with as much force to the phenomena of Spiritualism as it does in the case of the pigeons, or the religious mendicants of India. If I read the lesson aright, our mistake has been, that in seeking for *unknown* laws governing the phenomena we have overlooked *known* general laws, and thereby missed much that would have thrown light upon the mystery which at present enshrouds them, or that would have been of assistance in determining their Why and Wherefore?

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Take, for example, this law of deterioration. Reading the history of the past ten years in its light, do we not see in it an adequate cause for the present lull in phenomenal Spiritualism? Nay, does it not go farther and account for the very unsatisfactory character of the phenomena that are presented to the public now? Have we cultivated the best conditions, or is it not a fact that at one time dark circles were unknown, and that only since their establishment have our troubles begun? I venture to say that any wide-awake sensible man going to a promiscuous public circle to investigate Spiritualism would come away with nothing but feelings of disgust, and fully assured in his own mind that the popular estimate of Spiritualists being either fools or dupes was nothing more than the sober truth. Compare the Punch and Judy character of these circles for physical manifestations with those that obtained say ten years ago. Then the phenomena usually took place in the light; the rule now, almost without exception, is darkness or something much worse, being neither one thing or another. True, there were not so many phases of spiritual phenomena known then as now, but what did exist were far more convincing, and I do not think I am wide off the truth in my assertion that almost without exception the troubles of the past few years have arisen out of phenomena occurring at circles where light has been excluded. Even the most satisfactory records are at least open to suspicion upon this ground. It has, moreover, been proved that darkness is by no means necessary; nearly all phases of the phenomena have occasionally been produced in the light, even with mediums who as a rule sit in the dark. From this it would seem that there is no reason why, *with cultivation*, the manifestations should not be as readily obtainable in the one case as in the other. If once, why not twice,—and indeed always? Oddly enough, too, what I am now urging is confirmed by the current number of the *Harbinger of Light* (see Summary, pp. 351). I hope to return to this portion of the subject next month, and will then go more into detail, giving evidence as to the truth of what I say.



It may be asked in what direction reform should take place. It seems to me that Spiritualism will never command public respect, and, therefore, public attention, until our methods of investigation are completely reversed. As already stated, I do not think the manifesto touches the real point at issue, which is the apparent advisability of the total abolition of dark séances as far as public circles are concerned. As regards private mediumship, the matter is not of such paramount importance, though it is far from being an open question in my mind whether the adoption of a similar course would not here be also extremely beneficial. But be that as it may, I am personally convinced that it is an imperative necessity in the former case. Phenomena that take place in public dark circles will ever be open to suspicion. The simplest raps, or tiltings, or slate writings in the full light would prove of far greater use in convincing sceptics than all the thousand and one so called materialisations which are said to take place in an almost Egyptian darkness. But how is this change to be effected, you ask. Let Spiritualists as a body refuse to sit for phenomena in public circles except in a good light, and if I do not misread my own experience, and that of others, it will not be long before such a course is crowned with success; the supply would soon respond to the demand, and would do incalculable benefit both to mediums and the cause generally. The former, in such a case, would find that their *clientela* was a largely increasing one, and not confined, as now, to Spiritualists, and, therefore, necessarily limited in numbers. Once let the public be assured that there were mediums who sat under satisfactory conditions, and there would be no lack of investigators. The necessary steps for a change must, however, be taken by Spiritualists. It is they who must insist on the improved conditions.

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Briefly to summarise, I suggest—

1. That dark circles have done much to damage and discredit the facts of Spiritualism in the eyes of investigators and the public generally.
  2. That in view of the fact that nearly every phase of spiritual phenomena has been obtained in the light, they are unnecessary.
  3. That it is altogether advisable to discountenance the holding of dark circles in connection with public mediumship, and that it would probably be beneficial as regards private séances.
  4. That with regard to this question of dark circles, public action on the part of Spiritualists as a body is desirable.
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These, roughly, are my views, not elaborated as I should wish, simply because I did not intend to give publicity to them just yet, and adequate space and time are denied me now. They are not, however, hastily conceived, for the subject has been long before me. Others too in our ranks have been exercised in the same direction, and I *know* there are many who have come to the

same conclusions as myself, and these ideas are brought forward in the hope that the question, having once been opened, free discussion of its merits and demerits will follow. That there are difficulties in the way I know, but are these insuperable? That the scheme may require modification is also likely—these however are matters of detail. The first thing to be settled is the truth of the principle, the *modus operandi* will naturally follow. To this end I invite expressions of opinion from all who have the welfare of the cause at heart.

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The point I have discussed seems to be that which presses most for a solution. But there are others which will follow, *e.g.*, the need of preparation, on the part of both mediums and sitters, the necessity of graduating investigations, etc., etc. These however must be left over for the present.

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A word to our mediums in conclusion. I am not blaming them for this state of affairs. They, in most cases, are far more sinned against than sinning. They are the victims of circumstances, those circumstances being governed by the law of demand and supply. I feel, however, I am but serving their best interests in writing thus. Public mediums live by their mediumship, and this is right and just. It is evident, however, that even supposing they suffered for a time in failing to obtain results while cultivating the higher conditions, yet in the long run the adoption of the measures advocated would place them in a far better position, relieve them of much of the anxiety and suspicion inevitable under present methods, and attract a much larger number of investigators than is now possible. I trust our mediums will take part and share in any discussion that may arise. They are vitally concerned, and have every right to an impartial hearing.\*

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#### FORTHCOMING LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

As I mentioned in the last issue of the *Psychological Review*, I have in hand what I consider will prove very valuable additions to the literature of Spiritualism. Amongst these may be mentioned a series of papers by Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., who, under the title of "A Personal Narrative of Experience," gives a most interesting and valuable account of some of his investigations in Spiritual Phenomena. That Mr. Barkas is a keen and shrewd observer of facts, and one who possesses literary ability of no mean order, is well known to the readers of these pages, as many of them are already fully acquainted with that gentleman's qualifications for the task

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\* SPECIAL NOTICE.—This question will form the subject for consideration at a meeting of the Central Association of Spiritualists, 88 Great Russell Street (entrance in Woburn Street), W.C., on Monday, the 26th inst., at 7.30 p.m. It is hoped there will be a large attendance of metropolitan friends interested in its consideration.

he has entered upon. The first of these articles appears in the current number, and will no doubt be supplemented as time and opportunity offer.

Mrs. Howitt-Watts has also engaged to contribute a series of three biographical papers, dealing with the life and work of her father, Mr. William Howitt, than whom none will be better remembered in days to come, as one of the earliest and warmest champions of the higher Spiritualism. That these papers are likely to be of absorbing interest, needs no telling here, nor is there any occasion to point out how eminently fitted is the gifted lady who has undertaken this memoir, to present a true and vivid record of one whom Spiritualists everywhere will remember with nothing but feelings of honour. As far as I myself have grasped the spirit underlying the public and literary labours for the advance of our cause, and the results which they produced, I feel sure we all owe much to William Howitt. Of him it can be said, he is remembered for the good work he has done, and while no one would have said more emphatically—

“ Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken ;  
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown ;  
So be my life : a thing felt, but not noticed,  
And I but remembered by what I have done, ”—

yet the record of that life will be fittingly recalled at the present time, and, may be, may urge a new generation of workers to renewed earnestness of purpose, and spirituality of life. Since Wm. Howitt passed away, new faces by the scores have entered our ranks, and not a few of these will, I think, be glad to know something of a man who has left such a mark on the annals of Spiritualism. The first portion of Mrs. Watts's narrative will appear next month, and during their progress, a permanent photograph—one of the latest taken—will be presented to the readers of the *Review*.

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Mrs. Tuttle, writing from Berlin Heights, Ohio, says of the portrait of Epes Sargent which appeared in the March issue :—“ The picture is fine, but the head a little too much thrown back. It is, however, very like. I enclose you a poem I wrote last evening. Do you have Hepaticas ? They are our earliest wild flowers, and exquisite in their silky texture and variety of tints. I have them in bloom now (March 16), transplanted from the woodland a week ago.”

#### HEPATICAS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Most sacred of all flowers the woodland offers,  
So soft of tint and changeful in their grace,  
Seem the Hepaticas, likest the beauty  
We watch on a love ruffled infant's face ;  
Pale on their misty stems they spread their petals,  
Earliest and bravest of Spring's retinue,  
Willing to take, if need be, chilling snowflakes  
Upon their faces, as the perfumed dew.

Brave and how frail, pretty unlanguage teachers,  
 Wreath your cool whiteness round my burning life.  
 Let your pale pinks, and silky dyeing purples  
 Subdue the blood-flush of consuming strife.  
 Cool and how sweetly quiet rest your blossoms  
 Against my lips, awaking latent hope  
 That even the lowliest have a Heavenly Father,  
 And are not born in orphanage to grope.

I would that I might copy half your sweetness!  
 Unmoved by snarling winds and smothering snows  
 You live your lives, looking your best, and yielding  
 More prayerful joy than June's most regal rose.  
 But I make moan if rough winds pierce and chill me;  
 I bide my life in bitter discontent  
 If sorrows wound, counting on listless fingers  
 Days, all too many, in repinings spent.

Hush! let me think!—one year ago I saw you  
 Doing sweet service, one chill April day,  
 In a white casket. Ah! the loss we suffered  
 I need not picture in my verse to-day.  
 But you, my wildwood darlings, since the moment  
 I saw you lying in her pallid hand  
 Have seemed intensely sacred, and belonging  
 To the child-angels in the Better Land.

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#### THOUGHT READING.

On the eve of going to press the *Nineteenth Century* for June has reached me, containing the first report of the Thought-Reading Committee of the Society for Psychical Research. No time seems to have been lost in the new society vindicating its *raison d'être*, and if this is a sample of what may be expected, there will not be much occasion for adverse criticism. The report is signed by Professor Barrett, Edmund Gurney, and Frederic W. H. Myers, the former of whom, it will be remembered, contributed an article on the same subject to this *Review* in October last.

The present contribution is a valuable addition to the rather limited literature dealing with this phase of psychological research. The authors introduce the subject by directing attention to the difficulties which beset the enquirer, and point out that nothing could at first sight look less like a promising starting point for a new branch of scientific inquiry than the "willing game" of modern drawing-rooms, which is too well known to require description here. Professor Barrett and his coadjutors consider, however, that a *prima facie* case exists for attributing performances of this sort to an obscurer cause than mere muscular action, and that scattered instances, leaving out this view, will be encountered from time to time by those interested in the search. I will return to the consideration of this report in our next.

MONTHLY SUMMARY  
OF  
CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

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"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

The Editor attacks C. C. M. in consequence of some remarks of his in *Light* respecting the nature of communicating spirits, and deduces from what it regards as his mistakes an argument for "the present great need of a metaphysico-spiritual vocabulary." It seems to us that there is greater need for a little plain English, and for less metaphysico-spiritual fog in the use of language.—Mr. Yarker, a heterodox freemason of some note, Grand Master of various Orders in England, writes on "The Beni Elohim and the Book of Enoch."—Mr. Judge of America shows "Astrology verified"—S. A., a Brahmin wants to know whether he is or was a medium, and tells some hazy story of a materialised Pisach, or Etchi, or what we should call a female spirit, visiting him until it was driven off by a holy Brahmin with a holy charm. This is made a peg on which to hang an accusation against the Spiritualism of London, that it is similarly depraved and immoral. This libellous statement is made on the authority of a Fellow of the British Theosophical Society! Who is this Theosophical slanderer who thus demonstrates his progress in divine wisdom? His assertions, we need not say, are merely contemptible.—Miss Houghton's "Spirit Photography" gains a rather favourable notice, the principal care of the writer being to denounce the calling of these pictures "*Spirit-pictures*." Whatever they are, they are pictures, in many cases, of departed human beings.

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"PSYCHE," (LONDON).

The May number of our contemporary continues Surgeon-Major Purdon's paper on Sphygmography, and publishes also some "speculations regarding mesmerism, and experimental research" by the same writer, on the same lines.—Some experiments of the late lamented Professor Zöllner are extracted from his book, and a full page illustration of the results of one of his experiments is given.—An account of some successful attempts at Spirit Photography is reprinted from the *Kansas City Journal*. The Editor of *Psyche* rightly says that "the careless publication of weak cases of alleged materialisation phenomena is making a perfect wreck of the reputation of Spiritualism in America." This is too true: though strong efforts are made to sift and test the phenomena. No amount of Editorial sifting, however, can prevent emotional enthusiasm and inaccurate observation, though it may refuse publication to what is apparent as such. And no doubt "Spirit Photography is more dangerous ground even than cabinet séances."—It is announced that a monument is to be placed by public subscription over the grave of Baron du Potet.

## "LIGHT" (LONDON).

A paper read before the B.N.A.S. on the "attitude of the Christian Churches towards Spiritualism" is interesting in the light of recent events, and specially of the Church Congress discussion. The writer combats the idea that "Spiritualism is a new Religion," but shows some misconception of the attitude of those who so regard it. They do not pretend that Spiritualism, by which they do not mean the observation and classification of the objective phenomena called psychical, is in itself or contains within it a new revelation. That would be merely absurd. They profess only to regard the purgatorial power of the teaching given by spirits, which is strictly religious, as being in regard to the creeds of orthodox churches pretty much what Christ's teaching was to old Judaism. They think that the simple creed of Christ bears little likeness to the complicated dogmas that pass current in his name, and they would purge away man's additions to the simple dignity of his teaching. There is abundant evidence that this is the true mission of Spiritualism, and that it is being steadily accomplished. —Mrs. Penny contributes one of her valuable papers, largely made up of opposite citations from mystical writers, this time on the world soul or *anima mundi*. —Mr. E. W. Wallis returns from America with golden opinions from all the various societies that have engaged his services; and with only one adverse opinion which is, if possible, more to his credit, seeing that the hostility of the *Banner of Light* was called forth by an outspoken and honest denunciation of fraud. —An amusing passage of arms between C. C. M. and Mr. Podmore on Prevision, will leave careful readers with a strong impression of the philosophical depths that must be sounded before any one can deal suitably with the problems of Spiritualism. —An extremely striking paper on "Uncertainties of Spirit Identity" by J. P. T. narrates a long and systematic course of deception in a private circle, and suggests a doubt as to spirit-identity generally. M.A. (Oxon.) in commenting on this case expresses an opinion that there is an antagonistic power at work, and that meddling with Spiritualism is beset with danger, unless the guardians are both wise and powerful, and the motive in the sitters pure and good. Fritz emphasises the warning. He thinks that "Spirit communion should only be used for the purpose of learning spiritual truths." Mr. Podmore thinks there "can be no proof, in the strictest sense of the word, of personal identity." —A. M. H. W. contributes some interesting narratives of spiritual experiences: and M.A. (Oxon.)'s *Notes by the Way* are as full as ever. His attention is drawn now to evidence for Materialisation, and he compiles some excellent testimony. —Mr. S. C. Hall gives us an account of a sitting with Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken. The phenomena are such as have been repeatedly recorded as occurring in her presence. —There is a wealth of good matter in our contemporary.

## "THE MEDIUM" (LONDON).

The celebration of the thirty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and presentation of the Hudson Testimonial on April 20th,



is recorded at full length. All went well, Spiritualism was represented by various well-known workers, prominent among them Mrs. Hallock (who presided), A. T. T. P., Mr. Wright of Liverpool, Mr. Ware of Plymouth, Miss Houghton, Mr. Burns, etc. M.A. (Oxon.) who was absent from London, Mr. Everitt, and Mr. Adshead, wrote to express sympathy and regret at enforced absence. The exhibition of Spirit Photographs was very successful, and Mr. Burns's descriptive lecture was well calculated to put before the audience a view of a department of Spiritualism which has latterly been much neglected. Miss Houghton presented Mr. Hudson with a purse of £40 in the name of the subscribers.—Archdeacon Colley contributes a sermon on Dreams which is good reading.—Mr. A. J. Smart sends some echoes from the antipodes in which he narrates some striking cases of cure by Mr. G. Milner Stephen.—A. T. T. P. returns to his old place in the columns of our contemporary and sends a control purporting to proceed from Ralph Waldo Emerson, which, whatever may be our opinion of its source, has merits of its own.—Mr. J. C. Wright contributes a discourse on the same great man which is a curious contrast to that which precedes it. Mr. Wright's addresses contain excellent matter; that on Paul's Spiritualism is especially valuable.—Alexander Duguid describes at length what many clairvoyants have hinted at, the presence of a dark cloud of evil that rests over England. This country, he thinks, is destined to pass through a time of political distress and humiliation which has a spiritual origin. Assuredly the political crisis is upon us, and we must doubtless look to the world of causes for its source and origin. Those whose spiritual perceptions are most keen regard the evils that meet us on every side as due to the intervention of some such evil agencies as Mr. Duguid describes.

#### "THE HERALD OF PROGRESS" (NEWCASTLE).

Our contemporary bears the impress of Mr. J. Enmore Jones throughout. We may quote the statement of principles which form the platform on which the *Herald* takes its stand, and wish success to the promulgation of them.

#### "SPIRITUALISM:—OUR PRINCIPLES.

"Belief: 1st. God is a Spirit—Infinite.

"Knowledge: 2nd. Man is a Spirit—Finite.

"Knowledge: 3rd. Man has a Spiritual Body.

"Knowledge: 4th. Man, at Physical Death, passes out of the physical a living intelligent substance—perfect in form and individuality.

"Knowledge: 5th. That, under conditions, the spiritual body can be discerned, and its limited power over physical substances witnessed.

"Knowledge: 6th. Man, under laws, can and does, as an ethereal ministering spirit, assist in various ways those he is connected with by ties of affection.

"Knowledge: 7th. Man, as a spiritual being, is responsible for

his actions, be they good or bad, whether in the physical body or out of it."

There is a considerable accession of readable matter in this month's numbers, and the spirit of the editorial, "Come, let us reason together," commands our cordial assent.

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"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.).

Mr. Kiddle's address to the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity on "Spirits visibly among us," brings out clearly the evidence for materialisation as collated by him and reinforced by his own experiences. Though it does not deal conclusively (in our judgment) with some of the grave difficulties that beset the subject, it is a valuable contribution to the study of a perplexing problem.—John Wetherbee's "Colloquial Notes" are as good reading as anything that comes to us.—Mr. A. E. Newton, late editor of *The Two Worlds*, publishes a remarkable narrative that ought to have considerable influence on the settlement of opinion as to fraudulent manifestations. We are surprised that it has not attracted more attention. Briefly it narrates how, after a thorough examination of medium and cabinet, "a bundle of white tarletan, about three yards in length," was introduced into the cabinet by "dark or evil spirits" and left there. If the facts are correctly recorded, they point to the intervention of a malicious or antagonistic influence. This is a matter of so much importance that we could wish the issue narrowed down directly to the one point:—Is there irrefragable evidence that material which could be used for purposes of fraud can be, and has been introduced into a cabinet by agencies demonstrably not referable to any person present? If so, many of us will pause before we charge fraud on the entranced medium; and many too will think it unwise, unfair, and unjust to place a medium in such an equivocal position.—"Spiritual retrospect and prophecy" is one of Mrs. Richmond's usual addresses. She takes up a strong line against fastening fraud on the medium. She thinks "if fraud and deception are practised that those who go to seek the fraud are responsible for it"!—Much space is devoted to the Anniversary services. Many good things were said, and much enthusiasm shown. Our old friend John Wetherbee broke out incontinently into verse, which has the effect of making us fervently wish that he would stick to his racy prose.—Mr. Colville has been trying to elucidate the Sermon on the Mount. That grand and terse statement of the elementary principles of all religions is not benefitted by the lecturer's copious verbiage.—Mr. Newton enforces his remarks on Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds by some subsequent discussion of Mrs. Hull's exposure. We cannot follow the argument, but reiterate our opinion that it is one which raises issues of great importance.

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"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).

*The Journal*, which has been foremost in the righteous demand for fraud-proof conditions, and which has done inestimable service in

making imposture difficult, and the preying on credulous gapers a risky business, does not touch this question raised by A. E. Newton. We look with anxiety for the view taken by a paper that has fearlessly and ably handled the question. If the introduction of material objects is proved, and if those objects be fraudulently employed by the invisible agencies at work, we confidently expect the aid of the *Journal* in abolishing all conditions of sitting that can expose a medium to such fearful risk. Such indeed is the platform of the *Journal*.—Some very good discourses of E. W. Wallis are reported; and the resolutions of thanks and esteem passed by the New York Spiritualists are printed at length. It is not often that a medium receives a tribute so strong. Mr. Wallis's work in America has evidently been of high value.—Mr. A. B. French on the Anniversary is excellent.—H. A. Buddington gives some suggestions for the protection of honest and the detection of fraudulent mediumship. As these involve the use of a cabinet, we prefer the *Journal's* demand for manifestations under such conditions as those used by Slade. If deceiving Spirits can introduce into a darkened cabinet what can abet fraud, abolish the cabinet and with it the opportunity.—The experiences of Albert D. Hager of Chicago, oddly called Hallucinations, are those of a man extremely amenable to spirit influence, and probably of strong though erratic psychic powers. That he did not, in his wanderings out of the body, meet and recognise some friend that he had known on earth, is an insufficient reason for relegating to the category of hallucination what works in thoroughly with the experiences of many other mediums.—We can highly commend the tone and contents of our contemporary.

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“HARBINGER OF LIGHT” (MELBOURNE).

The most important part of the contents of this journal is again the record of the Materialisation Séances of Mr. Spriggs. The forms appear to be becoming accustomed to endure light for a longer period; and the contrast between “the active muscular form of ‘Geordie,’ with his close, dark, heavy beard,” is said to afford a very striking contrast to “the more slenderly built form of ‘John Wright,’ with his thinner, wavy, grey beard, and dignified demeanour.” “Geordie” has been able to face “the full glare of the light held in Mr. Terry’s hand, so as to strike directly on the form.” The same may be said of the medium. He is being accustomed to stand full light when entranced. The materialised figures pull aside the curtain so as to show him in full view and in clear light. This is a step, and a long one, in the right direction. It is abundantly certain that such methods of investigation will do more to establish truth than years of slipshod cabinet séances held under conditions that seem devised to help and invite fraud.—A case of dematerialisation in the light is also recorded. “John Wright” presented himself between the curtains, behind which the medium was entranced, and “sank slowly down, until his head and shoulders were alone visible, there being some 18 in. or 2 ft. distance between the top of the head

and the ground, when they disappeared behind the curtain."—Two figures have also been presented simultaneously, an adult female and a child of not more than 3 ft. high. These figures were  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. apart from each other. This was repeated several times, and the two afterwards stood side by side, forming a striking contrast.—Mr. Terry is to be congratulated on the care with which these experiments are carried out, and on the success that has attended his efforts.—A kindly notice commends the *Psychological Review* to antipodean readers.

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### BRIEF NOTICES.

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**IMMORTALITY:** Its people, Punishments and Pursuits; with five other Trance Addresses, being a course of Eight Lectures through the Trance Mediumship of J. J. Morse, delivered at Goswell Hall, London, during January and February, 1882. London: The Progressive Literature Agency, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price One Shilling.

An unmistakeable vein of sober common-sense runs through these lectures, which is more than can be said for the majority of so-called "trance orations." Mr. Morse, however, has always compared very favourably in this respect—indeed his "Controls" have ever seemed to us to say sounder things in a more rational way, and with less of that "exuberance of verbosity," as the late Lord Beaconsfield would put it, than most other "folks of that ilk." The volume is well printed, and is in a handy form for general circulation. We hope it will have a large sale.

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**RECOLLECTIONS OF TWENTY SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.** By John Page Hopps. Price Sixpence. London: Williams & Norgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

These "Recollections" of addresses are bright and crisp, as, indeed, might be expected from one who, when he speaks, has always something to say, and, moreover, says it well. Though containing no direct allusion, one cannot fail to notice the golden thread of Spiritualism which runs through Mr. Hopps's teaching, and how thoroughly its influence on human life and thought is recognised. This is especially the case with the last address on "Earthly Parting—Heavenly Meeting," in which, by the bye, he relates the following anecdote of Epes Sargent. He says:—"We ought to connect more real human joy with the thought of the new life. Heaven is not a place for solemn spectres. For one, I believe there is infinitely more real mirth in heaven than ever was known on earth. It is told of the late Epes Sargent that when his brother saw him for the last time, on the day after Christmas day, this happened:—While the shadows of death were even then closing around him, the patient endeavoured to express a few words to his brother; and succeeded,

but imperfectly, in enunciating : *'I wish I could tell you my thoughts'* ; the brothers clasped hands, and then with a sad face the one turned from the bedside of the dying man to go his way, but as he was about leaving the house he was called back to the sick room by the nurse, who exhibited to him a paper whereon the dying man (touched by the evident sorrow of his relative, and desirous of informing him that he had no doubts for the future) had *written* a sentence to explain the meaning he had been unable orally to convey : *'I meant MERRY thoughts—not sad ones !'*"

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**BUDDHIST SAINT WORSHIP.** By A. Lillie, M.R.A.S. Trübner & Co.

This pamphlet, reprinted from the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, is, as its title denotes, a further contribution to the theory that saint worship formed an integral part of Saki Muni's teaching. Mr. Lillie brings forward many facts which seem to us conclusive as proving the truth of his contention that modern students of Buddhism have been on an altogether wrong tack in supposing that annihilation formed a part of the system. Mr. Lillie says :—"Saint worship is the religion of India when Buddha appears on the page of history. Saint worship is his recorded teaching. Saint worship is on the earliest monuments. The Buddhist temple is an apparatus of saint worship, and saint worship its only ritual. Saint worship is the key of the Buddhist emblematology ; and the Buddhist cosmology is the Brahmin cosmology adapted to saint worship. The Buddhist Pantheon is a cohort of saints. Between this saint worship and the doctrine of *Sūnyatā* there is a great gulf fixed ; and one of these antagonistic elements has plainly been foisted on the other. Either a complicated and harmonious religion, with its temples and rites and symbols, has been foisted on the muddled doctrine of *Sūnyatā*, or the muddled doctrine of *Sūnyatā* has been foisted on the vast and complicated religion." Those who wish to pursue the subject further should read the pamphlet, and also the article on the same subject, entitled "*Indian Supernaturalism*," which appeared in this magazine for December, 1881.

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**SPIRITUALISM.** An Essay to Spiritualists by a Spiritualist. Printed for the Author by the National Press Agency, Limited, 13 Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

Although we do not agree with all the conclusions at which "*A Spiritualist*" arrives, there is a true ring about much that he (or she ?) says. We notice with pleasure that attention is drawn to one of the points that we have indicated as amongst those coming to the front, viz., the need of preparation on the part of both mediums and investigators before seeking "*An hour's communion with the dead.*" This essay is worth careful reading.

WHAT AM I TO BELIEVE? A Letter and series of Questions on Religious Subjects, addressed to the Clergy of all Denominations, by Arcanus. Price One Penny. London: J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W.C., and E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

"Arcanus" is a Spiritualist, and his object in this letter is evidently to nail his readers down to the fact that to be Christians they *must* be Spiritualists also. He says: "Spiritualism is not opposed to Christianity, but properly understood and applied would greatly aid the real Christian by adding to his *faith* knowledge, inducing its votaries to lead a truly *Christian life*." This is the view we have always insisted upon. The questions, however, indicate that "Arcanus" fails somewhat to realise the extent to which liberal thought has permeated all the different denominations. Some of the queries apply to doctrines, or interpretations of doctrines, only current many years ago, and which by no means apply to the present attitude of religious life and thought. Still we are inclined to think the pamphlet will do good.

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A LETTER CARRIED BY SPIRITS.—In a letter from Florence, Italy, April 4th, 1872, to Professor Crookes, Baron Seymour Kirkup, an honourable man and sincere student of Spiritualism (see Hawthorne's account of him), relates that on certain occasions he asked Annina Carboni, a spirit, to take a letter to her sister, Teresa, still in the earth-life, and residing at Leghorn. Paolina Carboni, another sister, was the medium. The Baron made a sketch of the letter, and Paolina copied it. In this letter Teresa is told to note the *exact minute* of its arrival, and to mention in her answer the exact time of sending it. "When Paolina," says the Baron, "had finished her letter, she went away, and I shut the door and remained alone. I folded the half sheet, and placed it at 6 P.M. on the piano, unsealed, and without an envelope. I watched it, expecting to see it go; but after two minutes, finding that it remained, I took a book, and after two minutes more I looked, and the note was gone. The door remained shut, and no one entered the room. At eight minutes past seven came three loud raps on the sofa. I went to the piano, to see—nothing. I returned to the table, and there on my book was a little triangular note, like Paolina's. It was a punctual answer to it, and I called Paolina to read it. The spirit had made two journeys of sixty miles each, besides waiting for the writing of the answer (fifteen lines), in the short time of one hour and fifteen minutes. As I remained on purpose totally alone, there could be no trick, no smuggling a prepared letter. . . . Another witness of my dear Annina's exploit, is her mother, wife of a former English vice-consul at Rome. She has just come from Leghorn, where she was present when her daughter Teresa received and answered the letter of Paolina."—*Proof Palpable of Immortality*.



## A NARRATIVE OF EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

## PART I.

I FEEL as if some apology were requisite for placing before your readers a brief narrative of some of my personal experiences during my investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and perhaps the only valid apology I can offer in view of the myriad testimonies to occult spiritual phenomena that for years have been published in standard works and serial literature is, that my investigations have been continued through a longer period than have those of the larger proportion of your readers. I entered upon the investigation of alleged spiritual phenomena without any foregone conclusion as to their genuineness or otherwise, but with a determination to proceed with due caution and to accept and defend any conclusions that might legitimately be reached in view of the phenomena observed.

My first experiences date back to 1854, in January of which year I was invited to attend a table-rapping séance which was to be held in the residence of a Scottish gentleman of pronounced orthodox theology. My Scottish friend, his two daughters, a Wesleyan minister, and myself sat round a small circular table, and in response to several questions various answers were given by knockings, the majority of which were correct and the remainder were either incorrect or obscure. On the following evening I visited the same house in company with a personal friend; we sat at the table as before. Many replies to questions were given, but the most extraordinary answer was in reply to a question put by my friend who did not sit at the table, viz.: How much money did I pay into the Custom House to-day? to which was replied, by the table rising and knocking the floor, £39 15s. 9d.—one knock being given for each £ and one for each shilling and penny. I turned to the gentleman who asked the question and said, Is that correct? He replied, I do not know; I paid several small amounts, they are on this paper, add them up and see. I added up the small amounts, and the total was £39 15s. 9d. The reply, therefore, must either have been the result of thought reading, clairvoyance, or collusion—it could scarcely be coincidence.

From January 12, 1854, to September 17, 1860, I witnessed in Newcastle many inexplicable phenomena, and heard statements of yet more remarkable occurrences which an esteemed and reliable personal friend, Mr. E. Loraine, reported to me as having been seen and heard by him in the residence of Mr.

Rymer of Ealing, the medium being Mr. Home. It was at Mr. Rymer's residence that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster witnessed phenomena through the mediumship of Mr. Home, and acknowledged to credible witnesses that they were inexplicable by any known natural laws.

Between 1854 and 1860 letters on Spiritualism appeared in several local papers, and towards the end of 1860 and beginning of 1861 I forwarded twenty letters to the editor of the *North of England Advertiser* which excited great interest, and were replied to by eight leading articles from the editor and forty-three letters from correspondents.

Between 1854 and 1860 I witnessed many elementary spiritual manifestations at private residences in Newcastle and the neighbourhood, and on September 18, 19, 20, 1860, I attended séances at the then residence of the renowned mediums, Mrs. Marshall and her niece, in London. At the first séance several remarkable phenomena took place, and the note I made at the time was—"This evening's proceedings do not impress me in favour of the unmixed genuineness of the phenomena."

On the following evening I visited Mrs. Marshall's at an early hour, and was shown into an unoccupied room. I took the opportunity of examining floor, tables, chairs, etc., minutely, and in a few minutes Mrs. Marshall entered the room, and we were engaged in a conversation, when Mr. Coleman, who since that time has been an enthusiastic investigator into occult phenomena, entered the room, and was followed in a few seconds by Mrs. Marshall's niece. While we were arranging to sit round a table, an artist and his sister who had been present on the previous evening, entered, and we made a party of six who sat round a large, circular table. Several ordinary phenomena occurred. I was grasped by the ankle, knee, etc., and the dresses of those present were pulled by some invisible agency. The majority of the phenomena in the residence of Mrs. Marshall took place in a blaze of gas or candle light. At this stage an ordinary guitar, which I carefully examined, was held alternately between the finger and thumb of various sitters, and upon the guitar thus held, in open light, several tunes were played by some invisible agent. At one time I held the guitar, and while it was being played by the invisibles I distinctly felt the vibration of the strings. This manifestation was followed by an anti-Faradayan experiment—viz., a table with the fingers of five ladies and gentlemen placed on the top, rising from the floor and dancing in the air to music that was being played upon a violin.

Mr. Coleman and I rose to depart. When we were about to leave the room, and were at a considerable distance from the

moving table, he said—"I'll make a suggestion to the spirits to put one of the candles out." There were two candles burning on the large table. I said—"Do so; but do not express yourself so that anyone in the room can know what you want done." This was agreed. Mr. Coleman and I went to the party round the smaller table, and he said—"Spirits, will you please to do what I have suggested to this gentleman I would ask you to do?" Three affirmative raps immediately followed. Mr. C. said—"Do it, then." The table immediately began to dance across the room; the people touching it appeared surprised at its actions, and it gradually came nearer the larger table. When it reached the table I unsuccessfully endeavoured to anticipate the means by which the candle would be put out. After the table had moved uneasily for about half a minute, it rose into the air glided over the top of the table where the candle was burning, and coming suddenly down on the wick of the candle, knocked the wick into the grease, and then gently glided down to the floor.

On the following evening (Sept. 20) I again visited Mrs. Marshall, and on that occasion two gentlemen were present, and the most striking experiments were the rising of the table eighteen inches from the floor when we stood at a distance from the table and merely touched it with the tips of our fingers, and subsequently I pressed the table downwards with considerable force, and notwithstanding the downward pressure, it rose easily and floated in the air.

On November 16, 1861, I again visited Mrs. Marshall, in company with a sceptical friend with whom I had been transacting business in London. We entered Mrs. Marshall's residence, 23 Red Lion Street, on a bright afternoon at 2.45: the floor of the sitting-room was carpetless and newly washed. I did not introduce my friend by name, and he was therefore personally unknown to Mrs. Marshall or her niece. Mrs. Marshall, her niece, my friend, and myself sat round a circular table, which I placed upon a thick hearthrug which I had removed to the centre of the room. I sat with my back to the windows and had a full view of the sitters. I took a slate, cleaned and carefully placed it behind my feet, laid a pencil upon it, and asked the invisibles to write. Immediately I heard the scratching of pencil, and taking up the slate, there was written on it in large and legible characters, "JOSEPH." My friend said—"That is my father's name." On a subsequent occasion, my friend, his son, and myself visited Mrs. Marshall, and the following letters were indicated by knockings:—y m r a e d s n o s t i l l i w e b l l e w r o f u o y h t o b k o o l n i o t t i r i p s m s i l a u r o f t i s i m o r f e h t d r o l.

These being divided into words and read in single words backwards is, "My dear sons, it will be well for you both to look into Spiritualism, for it is from the Lord."

In December, 1861, I delivered a course of five lectures on Spiritualism in the principal lecture room in Newcastle. There were present at each lecture about 800 auditors. Each lecture occupied about an hour, and at the conclusion of each lecture an hour was devoted to questions and discussion, the result being that much interest was excited throughout the district. Many persons were convinced of the reality and genuineness of the phenomena, and several private spiritual circles were formed.

On January 16 and 17, 1862, at my personal invitation Mr. C. H. Forster, of America, visited Newcastle and attended four semi-public and one private séance, at all of which I was present, and the striking phenomena which usually occur through the mediumship of Mr. Forster, took place in abundance, and revelations were made known to many individuals among the circles which, previously to Mr. Forster revealing them, were only known to themselves.

At the private séance only four persons were present—the lady and gentleman in whose drawing-room the séance was held, Mr. Forster, and myself. Several phenomena took place that could not be accounted for by trick or reference to any known natural laws, and, towards the end of the séance, I said to Mr. Forster—"I have two children in the spirit world; they are both boys; can you give me their names?" He replied—"Point to the alphabet." I did so, but no knockings took place. I said—"The agents do not appear to be able to see through me; try to get the names by impression." He said—"Very well; I shall try." Immediately he said in a dreamy, listening sort of mood, as though he were attending to voices that appeared in the air—"What, what; what's that you say? Two of you speaking, one to each ear, and both of you saying 'THOMAS.'" He then turned to me and said, enquiringly, "Were they both Thomas?" I answered—"Yes, they were both Thomas." These two children died in infancy many years before, and there appears to me only three modes of accounting for the answer—a shrewd coincident guess; thought-reading on the part of Mr. Forster or someone else; or direct communication from some disembodied person or persons knowing the facts.

In March, 1862, I published a work, entitled, "Outlines of Investigations into Modern Spiritualism," in which I endeavoured fairly to present the facts that had come under my observation, and draw such conclusions as appeared to me de-

ducible from the facts. The work was favourably reviewed, is now out of print, and was the means of directing the attention of many readers to the importance of a full and fair investigation of the alleged phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

Between 1862 and 1874 I attended very few sésances, but kept myself *au courant* with the prolific literature of the subject. In 1874 the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Spiritual Investigation Society had, with great energy and much self-denial, held a long series of sésances for the development of mediums, and among the best mediums so developed were Miss Fairlamb and Miss Wood. Having been invited to witness the materialisation phenomena which were repeatedly taking place through these mediums, I attended, and at the first meeting, witnessed such results as induced me to follow up the investigation. In addition to the two mediums above enumerated, another excellent materialisation medium, Mrs. Petty, was also holding sésances. With those three mediums I attended about 200 sésances, and made records of the occurrences which took place at each sésance. The majority of the sésances were in private residences. The sitters were respectable people well-known to me; and on many occasions among the sitters were some of the leading scientists and literati of the present age—not of England merely, but also of Russia and Germany.

The principal phenomena witnessed through the instrumentality of the foregoing mediums were the materialisation of human forms, the playing of musical instruments by invisible agency, the moulding of human feet and hands in hot wax when no such natural feet and hands were in the room, the photographing of a materialised form by magnesium light, and the gazing on the face of a temporarily materialised form as steadily and intently as I have gazed on the face of any ordinary human being. Of all these facts I have, as it appears to me, conclusive evidence.

I have sat in a private room with a lady medium and seven sitters, the medium being visibly in the open room, the sitters in a quadrant round the medium; a lamp burning with sufficient light to enable me to see all the persons in the room, medium included; and, under those crucial conditions, I have seen rise up apparently from nothingness a tall, slender, well-developed, young female form who walked about the room; I saw that form decline until it merely flickered on the floor, and again develope until it assumed the appearance of an old lady, wearing a large Quaker bonnet. This form shook hands with several of the sitters, saluted with a kiss one of the ladies present who was recognised as her daughter, and after walking

about the room, she declined in size, and finally disappeared within eight feet of where I sat. I have no more doubt of the objective though abnormal reality of these two forms than I have of the fact that the moon shines by reflected sunlight.

With one of the above-named mediums I sat for casts in wax of feet and hands. The circle consisted of the medium, a gentleman friend, and myself. Boiling water was prepared, and wax was melted in it. A pail of dissolved wax and boiling water was placed in a screened recess with the medium, and in a few minutes we heard the splashing of water, and in a few minutes more we found casts of hands and feet, neither of which corresponded in size with the hands and feet of the medium, and yet they were true casts of feet and hands, and had on their inner surfaces all the minute lines and markings which are characteristic of human hands and feet. The hands and feet appeared to have been dissolved out of the casts, not drawn from them, as they resembled close-fitting wax gloves or covers for feet and hands. To secure myself against imposition, unknown to the medium I mixed a little analine dye in the boiling mixture, and all the casts had the analine tint.

On another occasion, in the drawing room of a personal friend, I sat with two of the mediums, and arrangements were made by Mr. Laws, photographer, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to photograph any apparition that might appear. A female form about four feet in stature walked out from behind the screen and looked round the room. The camera was placed in position, the magnesium was ignited, and a photograph was taken. The form was not distinguishable from a living human form; the face was flexible and had all the semblance of life, and was manifestly not the face of the medium. It was a face which once seen could not easily be forgotten; and though personating a visitant from the spiritual world, was far, very far, from being beautiful.

On another occasion, when holding a séance with one of the mediums named, I gazed into the face of the apparition; the light being behind my back, and the face being clearly and distinctly visible. The form professed to be the mother of one of the sitters, and certainly there was a remarkable resemblance between them. The eyes were dazzlingly bright, the cheek bones rather prominent, and the skin a dark brunette.

Between July, 1875, and December, 1876, I attended forty séances, with a very remarkable writing, drawing, and clairvoyant medium. Through her mediumship I appeared to be in correspondence with one of the most intelligent scientists with whom it has been my lot to converse. I only remember one living man to whom the departed scientist may fairly be com-



pared—a Dr. Uhlman, a Russian refugee, who many years ago escaped from Siberia, visited England, and for a while taught several ancient and modern languages to clergymen and other students. He was, without exception, the best and most extensively informed man I ever met, and the communications I had with the departed scientist through this comparatively uneducated writing medium had all the characteristics of intercourse with a man facile in the entire circle of the sciences, and possessing a diversity and accuracy of knowledge which few, if any, living men possess. Some particulars respecting the nature of those marvellous interviews may be obtained by reference to the *Quarterly Psychological Review*, No. 3, October, 1878, in which appears an article, entitled, "Recent Investigations in Psychology."

Between 1874 and 1877 I attended about 300 séances, the majority being for materialisation phenomena; but since that period I have only attended an occasional séance, probably twelve in all, and only one during the last two years.

The result of my long continued inquiries has been to satisfy me that the majority of the alleged so-called spiritual phenomena are genuine—viz., that there are movements of material objects that cannot be accounted for by reference to known and commonly acknowledged material or psychological laws; that living, or apparently living, human forms appear and disappear in the presence of several observers, coming from apparent nothingness and vanishing into apparent nothingness, and that those forms are truly objective and genuine and are not subjective or mere illusions, as is commonly affirmed by the prejudiced or uninquiring. I am, further, satisfied that the most tenable hypothesis by which to account for phenomena such as I have described is that of their being produced by the interposition of disembodied human beings; but whether the active agents are in all or in any case the persons whom they represent themselves to be, is a question full of difficulties, and one which, as the evidence now stands, I prefer to leave an open one. The facts, however, are incontrovertible; and courageous, honest, and reasonable inquiry are alone required in order to convince the most sceptical unbeliever of their reality and genuineness. The scientific transcendentalism of to-day in reference to the interpretation of the phenomena of light, heat, and electricity, touch very closely on the transcendental theories respecting spiritual phenomena.

## CHANGE.

By C. C. MASSEY.

PREVIOUS to the great revival called Spiritualism, the association of belief in a future life with doctrines which modern intelligence had outgrown had left an interesting field of speculation almost unexplored. Divested of the definite forms by which every abstract truth or opinion is from time to time adapted to intellectual conditions, faith awaits re-investiture during intervals of abeyance or negation. In these seasons of spiritual denudation materialism grows apace; nihilism assumes airs of science and philosophy; the transcendental is denied. And so things go on till the awakening,—that is to say, until the new intellectual conditions are so organised that inextinguishable verities can transfer themselves from dead to living forms of thought. In the creeds and traditional teaching which still claim to represent religious intelligence, death is usually represented as greater gain or loss than we can find a voucher for in laws of moral continuity and sequence. We may safely say that the exaggeration of our little life into the critical moment of eternity has passed for the human understanding among the things for evermore incredible. On the other hand we find in science the tendency to deprive every event and process of their apparently unique character, and to guide speculation upon things beyond actual observation by reference to the analogies of the things which are subject to it. Whether this method will ever avail of itself to give us positive assurance of individual immortality is not here the question. But, assuming that fact, we have in the very term by which death is most frequently described a predicate which takes from it its singularity in individual experience. It is as the greatest "change" (except that of birth, of which it is perhaps the other face) that we conceive it. It is evident, then, that in the absence of distinct and trustworthy information as to the use and effect of this tremendous "change," we cannot do better than to consider what is the spiritual character of change in general, in human life, and how the individual, as far as we can observe him, is affected by his vicissitudes.

Inertia, or the uniform persistency of any undisturbed force, is the law of all nature, whether in vital or mechanical manifestation. Every original impulse, of whatever character, beats out for itself a groove, along which it henceforth flows with fatalistic persistency, until checked or diverted by some other force.\* Such check or diversion is a new impulse. The

\* Mr. Charles Bray, in his most recent work, "Psychological and Ethical Definitions," has done me the honour to quote from a letter of

simpler forces only change their direction, the subtler undergo conversion, the voluntary are raised to a higher power. For sentient beings, inertia is habit. To conscious life, to originative power, the inertia of habit is sooner or later fatal. And this is true of all vital activity, whether moral, intellectual, or merely animal. What by repetition is done or thought with facility tends to automatic, and at length to unconscious reproduction. Given the requisite stimulant from without, it is quite conceivable that intellectual processes even of some complexity might be regularly performed without consciousness by a perfectly trained and habituated agent. So also of the actions which come within the moral province of the will. Tendency once established, the particular conscious stimulus has no longer the character of voluntary origination. For the habitual tendency of the will to be thus or thus determined is just as much a fact of the persistency of force as the facility of the operation when determined. The so-called "freedom" of the will is a misleading term for that latent force in human character which can be evolved by appropriate stimulants, and which is responsive thereto. Let it be conceded that this latent force is quite illimitable at its source, and equal, when elicited, to a complete recreation or redirection of moral activity. The fact remains that it has to be elicited before it can arrest the fatalistic, that is, the established tendency.

Starting, then, from this point, that in so far as life is habit its originative principle becomes dormant, and its higher po-

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mine the following, which is so relevant to what I have to say in this article that I may perhaps be allowed to reproduce it here:—"Organism is the result of force beating down a path for itself. When this path is beaten down, force passes along it without impediment or obstruction, and in this sense it may be said that organism determines the direction of force. But more correctly, it is force that makes the bed for its own stream. It is precisely because the direction is pre-determined that the organism is such as it is. It consists of the lines and the channels along which the force flows. It appears to me a great mistake to treat force as one thing, and organism as another which determines it; as if force were something wholly without determination until it receives a direction from its medium. Does not the formation of organism mark the transition from conscious voluntary to unconscious automatic action? Organism I take to be that condition which enables Will to act automatically. Whenever we find Will consciously active from the sense of effort, it is about some purpose which its existing organism does not sufficiently serve; and analogy leads me to suppose that when this fresh process has been facilitated by frequent use, it results in the invisible marking out of fresh organic lines, along which Will can in future pass without sense of effort, thus unconsciously. In short, I regard all habit as *invisible* organism, invisible to us at present, but just as much organism as the external body, which, indeed, is also to some extent perceptibly modified by habits of thought and feeling."

tentialities remain latent, we further see that the condition of all moral and intellectual amelioration must be the arrest of the outflow of force along its accustomed channels. The intelligence and will having proved incompetent to do more than repeat themselves, the problem is to arrest this repetition, so that the ideal energy may be compelled to construct new forms, and the effective energy may be compelled to lay down new lines of action. Were the stored-up or latent forces of the spirit already available for this purpose, as a superficial belief in free-will supposes to be the case, then indeed there would be no problem to solve, no remedy to seek, no purpose to explain. To tap these forces at their source is the end of every religious appeal to human consciousness. For it is in the first place necessary that man should know himself to have them in him. In his automatic or habitual activity he is as it were asleep; religion would awaken him, and would thus set free those reserves of power which are only available for him who is conscious of possessing them. It is just this consciousness which the man of habit has not. Nor are we at all supposing the habit to be indolent or evil. He may be a thinker, yet unaware that his habitual categories of thought are limitations which can be transcended; his activity may be useful or benevolent, yet wanting the inspiration of higher ends which would intensify the life, and raise the voluntary faculty to a higher power. Every true revelation, quickly as it degenerates for the multitude into mere dogmas of belief, is in its origin and intention a disclosure to man of the fresh resources and powers which lie behind him, and must be manifested through him. The Messianic idea, however embodied, whatever its personal and historical manifestations, has no other message to man than *his* Divine Humanity. From time to time throughout the ages is this truth republished; it underlies and vitalises all the great religions of the world. And as long as its awakening influence endures, till the impulse is exhausted in another sleepy habit, the automatic tendency is arrested, and man is a living soul. But our salvation is not limited to these great epochs of revival. Nature herself, in the circumstances of every individual life, comes to our rescue. And for this purpose her constant agency is *Change*.

Without tedious recapitulation, I beg the reader to keep in mind the idea above presented, that habit is fatal to the conscious life. Spirit, by the law of its being, is originaive. The origination and establishment of processes alone belong to will. Perfected by effort, they no longer require its sustaining impulse. The conscious spirit may, for a time, have its satisfaction in them, as every artist rejoices in his work when it is

newly off his hands. But it has no true business with them any more, if they are good, and no power, because no will, over them, good or bad, if they content him. When the law has once been confided to a securely constituted administration, the legislator sleeps till the hour of reformation or amendment has arrived. What is to rouse him then? There are but two stimulants. The first, his own intelligent perception of defect; the second, the break down of administration, obstruction to the executive channels. For this legislator, the will, or spiritual activity, the first stimulant is supplied by religion, or revelation of its hidden forces; the second is supplied by those breaks in the habitual life, the involuntary impediments to its automatic course, which are brought about by change of circumstances, that is, by loss of opportunity. It is of the latter I would speak here.

In the experience of every one it has happened, probably often, to have the quiet routine of his life suddenly, if but temporarily, broken. His day must be otherwise spent; its tranquil occupations or enjoyments must be suspended. It may be a small matter in itself; but an unfamiliar effort is required of him, while his habitual activities or indulgences are denied to him. The obstruction is trifling; but the consequent friction is sensibly felt. The originaive will is called into play; the automatic will, or spontaneity, is put in abeyance. And though he may not formulate the teaching in reflection, the occasion is not the less didactic and salutary. He is probably ashamed of the annoyance it causes him to be thus jerked out of his groove. He is, perhaps, even startled to find how much he was tending to become the "creature of habit." He had never dreamed that the innocent and useful course of his daily existence was, in fact, numbing in him the human power which responds to the call of duty or emergency. Large generalisations may not be in his line; but he has been, in fact, awakened from a sleep; the next disturbance will be less painful. The will, the true conscious man, has been stimulated to the knowledge and use of its powers; he is the better for the change.

But passing from small interruptions, mark how it fares with us in the greater vicissitudes of life. None escape them; the only question with each is, How wide the field of their extent? How much old indulgence, how much habitual activity can we transfer to our new condition? In the interests of *life*, the less the better. And he who has had the most vicissitudes, or the greatest, will be more of a *man*, and less of a machine, than he who has had fewest or least. The will has been more frequently, more powerfully, evoked from

its recess; a recess so deep in the monotonous existence that no ordinary stimulus can penetrate to it. But it is not a question only of automatic pursuits and habitual indulgences. Not less important is the same tendency in the ideal life. Every one knows or believes that his external relations and circumstances may be violently or voluntarily changed. Very few are aware that their sentiments and beliefs, nay, their whole mode of feeling and thought are likewise contingent. The conscious subjective life seems to us inseparable from our identity, susceptible of development and improvement on its own lines, but not of conversion. And as long as the stream of consciousness is continuous, its prepared modes are to it as an organism, every cell of which is kept open by the influx. But this subtle and conservative structure of our thought-forms can undergo shocks as rude and rending as those which destroy the animal fabric. It is new experience, confronting us with moral and intellectual needs, that discovers in us the hidden capacity of self-contradiction, dissolving our most assured judgments, and remodelling those secondary categories wherein our very individuality had seemed to consist. And sometimes a character is said to be altogether changed through events which stir the soul to its depths, no otherwise than by breaking the continuity of the slumberous automatism it mistook for life. The rending of the affections, bereavements, ruin, the disappointments which break the heart if they do not regenerate the spirit, are so many calls to a deeper recognition of ourselves, to a reconstitutive activity of will. Not as wholesome chastisements of Providence are "the uses of adversity" here regarded, but as interruptive shocks to the habitual subjective tendencies. Thereby the individual "comes to himself," and in his capability of evolving new conscious life, discovers the inexhaustible resources of his being. For what is needful to man, if he be immortal, is, that he should know this fact effectually, that he should not sink his whole individuality in any one phenomenal moment, be this measured by days or years, or what we call a life-time. So long as he is immersed in circumstances, rooted in the external world by the relations he has established with it, he does not know himself otherwise than through them; apart from them he is an abstraction, empty of content, formless, without creative faculty or evolutionary force. And thus it is that the rupture of these attachments by the seeming cruelties of nature leaves him, for a time, numbed and paralysed. He had gone out of himself into the things that perish. Did they not perish, he would have become one with them to the loss or long suspension of his transcendent being. In passing away, they



restore to him the life they had appropriated. Only thus could it return to its source, importuning there for fresh employment. The disengaged energies assail the slumbering will, demanding from it reorganization, origination, guidance. The moment of emptiness and despair is the interval of idle subjectivity. The next stage is the subjective working, the *Sturm und Drang* periods of every life. Thereout issues the new creation, the objective reflection of the spirit which has found itself again. That, too, will pass, that the latent riches of the subject, which has its springs in infinite capacity, may be successively realised and displayed. Always *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*.

The so-called "consolations of religion" mean nothing less than the re-creation of the conscious life. Through them, the man conceives himself anew under an altogether different aspect than heretofore, for when he learns to put a sense and personal application into phrases of sacred wisdom, though the form of his thought may not be philosophical or esoteric, he makes his first declaration of independence on external relations. God is a refuge and support to him only who finds in that faith a deeper life within himself. He realises his spirit in the ideal which is its first manifestation. And he owes this revelation of himself to the privation of his former objectivity, that is, to Change. In his pre-occupation, the message of religion, which is addressed entirely to the unoccupied spirit, and is designed to present to it the ideal of itself, could not be heard. It awaited the leisure which catastrophes provide.

This, then, is offered as the answer to our question, What is the effect of change generally, in our mode of existence, upon the spiritual life? Be the change small or great, comprehending few relations or many, concerning pursuits, or beliefs, or affections, it is the usual condition of further vital evolution. Change is painful because origination is difficult. We may call this origination, if we will, adaptation to a changed environment. But the result of such adaptation is the fact made manifest to the man of his independence of this or that environment. For even what appears to the outer world non-adaptation, or succumbing to circumstances, is, in regard to man, only another sort of adaptation, which we may name subjective. The new energy, set free by displacement of the old, is, in such cases, directed inwards, as renunciation of the external, rather than to the establishment of other relations with it. And though there should seem to be no recuperative power, it is still, nay, even more, in the interests of life that the automatic existence is arrested. Further change, new

conditions, will not be wanting, here or hereafter, to terminate the paralysis, and to stimulate the dormant will. But this leads us to the further question: How should death itself, regarded as a *total* change of external conditions, be estimated in relation to its effects on the spiritual life?

Throughout the foregoing considerations, we have regarded self-consciousness as correspondent to, and limited by, the modes and measure of our activity. We do not know ourselves transcendently; we do not know what is *in us* to do or to think, till occasion has called it forth through the conscious working of the will and development of the intelligence. Nevertheless, we have recognised in this reserve of latent force—an indeterminate, and, if deriving from Deity, an infinite quantity—the true being of man. His *existence*, or partial manifestation of being, is his conscious life. That which we call the will is the middle term, the Becoming of this being, the energy which realises, or transfers to the conscious life, a portion of the hitherto unconscious reserve. But for this transcendent reserve, consciousness would go all out into objectivity, exhausting itself in a total manifestation. Man would thus not be self-conscious, for his self-consciousness is referable to his originaive activity, whereby he knows himself to be other, that is, more than the already realised product in which his mere *existence* is manifest. In the mere sustenance of this existence as habitual activity, there is no true voluntary energy, but a spontaneity constantly tending to automatism in thought and action. I have endeavoured to show that whenever the conscious life of the individual has settled down into regular and familiar trains, when the character is “formed,” the opinions established, the affections centred, and all the dispositions, moral and intellectual, have by use and habit become *pre-dispositions*, then all of such individual that is in energy has descended, or is in course of descent, from the voluntary to the spontaneous rank. And in so far as this tendency has proceeded is his proper self-consciousness impaired. It is, however, the attainment of this fixity that constitutes an evolutionary state or stage of life. The degrees of evolution are both continuous and discrete.\* The highest normal development in this present life is the complete evolution by continuity of the degree or stage of consciousness appropriate to it. That the completion of this process should be in tem-

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\* Swedenborg distinguished degrees as of latitude and altitude, the former being continuous and homogeneous, as from less to more, the latter discrete, or referring to different planes of development, as lower and higher.

porary derogation of self-consciousness, is owing to the fact that the conditions of further stimulation are wanting here, save so far as religion succeeds in supplying them. We have exhausted our degree. For as even those processes which are most completely automatic, viz., the organic, require stimulation from without, so also are the voluntary and spontaneous activities subject to the same necessity. But whereas the totality of external conditions have failed further to stimulate the creative or evolutionary will, they keep alive the spontaneous energy, and thus fix us in the state or degree which they cannot assist us to transcend.\* And herein it is that we must supplement the conception of mere survival by one of subtler and profounder import.

The application of the word "unconscious" to the individual reserve fund of ideal life and character was provisional, and related only to that outer and ultimate degree of life which is manifest during our connection with a physical organism. Only in this limited sense are we entitled to term unconscious the ideal content before it emerges as evolutionary energy into our thought-forms. It is the filling of these thought-forms from this transcendent source that we call consciousness. Whatever does not pass into these thought-forms we call unconscious. It is the relative development of our own understanding into suitable conceptual forms which determines whether the infinite material of consciousness can become conscious in those forms. It may, however, well be that even for the individual Ego there is a higher stage of present consciousness, conditioned by organised forms of intelligence in a degree discretely severed from that of the earth life. It by no means follows that all communication between these stages, or degrees of altitude, is negatived, or that they can in no sense blend in a common self-consciousness. The conceptual forms of each would indeed be specifically distinct; but the difference would be consistent with a representative correspondence between them. Nay more, the lower degree might owe the development of its appropriate forms to the constant endeavour of the higher to ultimate its own content by impression. The process of conscious thinking necessarily appears to us as the struggle of an indeterminate ideal into mental definition. But this indetermination, according to the view here presented, is not in truth such, but in relation only to the conceptual forms to which it is striving to adapt itself. It is the passage of interior meaning into symbolism.

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\* "The various stages of spiritual development are called 'stations' (manâzel)." *Times* Article on the Sufis. August 20, 1881.

By the symbolical understanding, during this evolution, the ideal above it can be apprehended only as the formless seeking definition, and first obtaining definition, or becoming a conception of intelligence, on emerging into the lower consciousness. In other words, the symbolical understanding, which is this lower consciousness, but not in truth the whole consciousness of the individual, does not and cannot know itself as symbolical. It cannot, that is, as an inferior form of knowledge, transcend itself, but must needs accept its own representations as the complete account of intelligence. And just for this reason it cannot explain the genesis of its representations. To call this genesis "thinking" is certainly no explanation, for apart from the theory here propounded, psychology can but analyse thought into its elements, and describe it as the synthesis of these elements: with respect to the energetic process it is silent. That process can only appear as spontaneous evolution of the indeterminate into determination. Or it may be otherwise expressed as a vague consciousness becoming distinct; in which case the idea is recognised as obscurely present from the first, and thought is merely its definition by concentration of consciousness upon it. What is here suggested is that this evolution is not spontaneous, but voluntary; that our thinking is done consciously, indeed, by ourselves, but *from above*, and is the effort of our higher degree of intelligence to express itself representatively through the lower degree. Such representation, which is the thought of the lower degree, is thus but the *word* of the higher, its vesture, or symbolism. While the consciousness of the higher degree is severed from that of the lower, it is not easy to conceive the two as belonging to one and the same individual; a difficulty, however, which arises rather from our inadequate idea of individuality than from any inherent contradiction. Reducing the problem to a question of definition we may say that individuality is itself a misleading term if it compels us to ignore the constitutive duality of our being.

In the characterisation of these principles for our present purpose, we may avail ourselves of the familiar distinction between the formal and material elements of our recognised consciousness. Thus the higher principle will be one of formal consciousness, the lower of empirical consciousness. The former must be regarded as regulative, the pure intellect, the ideal conscience. Its own proper content would be derived from contact with a pure environment, an environment already moulded into the ideal forms. Nevertheless, its function must always be to add to this already realised ideal, by continual impression of its forms on the lower unconverted

materiality, and by the assumption of this into its own kingdom of moral and intellectual order. How otherwise can this mission be accomplished than by descent into the dark world of chaos? And in what guise will the conscious principle of order appear even to itself when plunged into material so foreign to it? It must become, or rather generate, a second and subordinate consciousness, conversant with the disorderly world, apparently part of it, subject to it, yet by its proper derivation essentially at variance therewith. Whelmed in this material flood, its struggle is to regain self-consciousness. But this can happen only in association with its actual experience. All right thinking and doing are not simply a separation of the moral and intellectual being from the disorderly world; they are also a work of redemption and conversion in that world. Nor is it necessary to be Saviour, Buddha, or even hero, legislative reformer, originator of new ideas or influences, or so-called "great man" for this purpose to be accomplished. No human being saves himself without saving others in the process. Whatever virtues or noble qualities have been personified in him have surely radiated from him as living, fructifying spirit; and those who love receive. But even apart from traceable influence, the realisation of moral dignity in experience can never be exclusively subjective. Such experience is itself so much of the life-element redeemed from anarchy and chaos.

While, then, we conceive of death as, in common with, but vastly in excess of, all other changes, a liberation of spiritual force, we can see how the past experience will be assumed into that higher region where the consciousness of man begins with an already realised ideal. We know how at pauses even of our life down here we get occasional glimpses of its total significance. At such moments we become aware how our particular aims and concerns have been subservient to a larger purpose. We can dimly perceive why it has been thus with us and no otherwise. Failure, loss, misfortune, have been conditions of evolution, of self-consciousness. Our career has been fatalistic; which only means that experience is self-revelation. But only when we are completely separated from the "matter" of this experience will its form be really and completely known. Won from "the void and formless infinite" of hidden subjectivity, the intelligible character has become real and objective. The Ego is substantialised. Whatever the new life-element, that must be far more plastic to a form thus already recovered and ascertained than here, where we seem necessitated to adapt ourselves to our environment, to save ourselves from it, rather than to impress on it our own

law. Even if we suppose re-births in other spheres of experience, with oblivion of the past, we are not to infer that this gain of the higher consciousness will be lost, or that the work is to be begun *de novo*. The knowledge which is not memory will yet be evidenced by more distinct individuality, clearer and more consistent purpose, less subjection to "circumstances." And though it is not necessary to accept the opinion of re-incarnation on this earth to account for the superiority in these respects of some among ourselves, it is difficult not to believe that such superiority testifies to larger experience, somehow and somewhere gained. But such conjectures do not belong to our present subject. However defectively that may have been treated in this article, it is hoped that something has been urged to enforce and illustrate its main proposition: that all change, including the greatest known to us, is the condition of spiritual freedom, is caused by "demand" and is followed by "supply."

## GHOSTLY VISITORS:

A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.\*

By "SPECTRE STRICKEN."

(Continued from page 318.)

Gerrard without any hesitation at once possessed himself of the speaker's chair.

### THE HAUNTED CONVENT.

"Ours is a Catholic family, has been so since the days of 'bluff King Hal'; we have faithfully preserved our traditions, and each succeeding generation of the Gerrards has furnished a son for the holy priesthood, and a daughter for one of our now numerous English convents.

"Of my four sisters, the second, Eliza, was the one who chose for herself the life of a nun, but unfortunately for her wishes, her health broke down during her noviciate, and sorely against her inclinations, she was obliged to abandon her pious intentions.

\* The subjoined series of Ghost Stories was placed in my hands some short time ago by the compiler, with the request that I would pronounce an opinion on the advisability of publishing them. Before I could offer any advice, it was necessary to arrive at some conclusion as to their authenticity. It is very easy to fabricate out of the imagination a series of stories that shall beat facts out of the field. Such Christmas food is amusing, but valueless for any purpose beyond. I set myself, therefore, to inquire whether the stories were fiction, or records of fact. I found that they are authentic records of actual fact, and I have in my possession



"One day during the last Easter recess we were all together in the breakfast-parlour, engaged in various occupations—I in sorting fishing gear, previous to starting on a fishing expedition into North Wales, and my sisters in embroidering altar-cloths for the adornment of our church. Maggie, the youngest, then at home for the holidays, suddenly stopped in her work, and addressing herself to our eldest sister, said, 'Mary, I am quite sure that — Convent is haunted—are not you, Sophy?'

"Sophy Blackwood was her favourite friend and fellow-boarder at the convent to which she referred.

"'Indeed!' said Mary, with an amused air, 'what makes you think so?'

"'Why, our shoes, which are placed carefully in rows overnight in the long gallery outside our dormitories, are all found scattered about in the morning, as though some one had been walking there during the night, and kicked them from side to side.'

"'What nonsense,' observed Mary.

"'It is certainly funny,' said Tina, my second youngest sister, 'for the same thing happened when I was there.'

"'Some foolish girl does it to frighten you all,' said Mary.

"'For my part I don't believe in ghosts,' said Eliza, 'still a very curious thing happened to me when I was at — Convent, which was never accounted for.'

"'Do tell us about it,' said Tina.

"Maggie and her friend re-echoed the request, at the same time that they drew closer to each other, and shivered slightly.

"Thus entreated, Eliza gave us the following:—

"'On one occasion I had to rise at three o'clock to say some extra prayers, and the sister who performed the duty of lighting our candles for us, was asked to come and waken me at an earlier hour than usual. You must know,' she said to a

the key to the various stories, with the full names of the persons who figure there under initials, or with some disguise.

It is a matter of regret that such narratives cannot be printed with full names, and due attestation. But no one will be surprised that people should shrink from such publicity, if only to avoid the annoyance that would assuredly come upon them from mere impertinent curiosity.

It has seemed to me that such records as these have a value that warrants their publication. They will, therefore, by the permission of the Editor, be published in the *Psychological Review*, and afterwards will be put forth in a more permanent form.

It is obviously impossible to publish the evidence which guarantees the authenticity of these stories. I have thought, therefore, that an assurance that they are what they pretend to be, authentic records of actual facts, given by one who has concerned himself much with such things, might remove possible misconception. For this reason I take on myself to say these few introductory words.—M. A. (Oxon).

Protestant friend of Mary's who was spending the day with us, 'that no matches are allowed in convents, but at the stated time a sister goes round with a sort of torch and lights your candle, so small is the allowance of which, that on its being lit, you must at once rise, otherwise you would soon be left in darkness.' This explanation made, my sister proceeded thus: 'On the morning alluded to I was wakened from a sound sleep by the opening of my cell door, and looking out, I saw enter a funny-looking, little, old woman, dressed in a quaint garment and huge poke bonnet. I stared in astonishment at this singular apparition, and wondered where she could have come from, as I had no remembrance of having seen her before; however, as my candle was lighted, and she had left, I sprang up, threw on my habit, and betook myself to my prayers. These were nearly done, when again the door opened, and there stood the ordinary lighting-up sister with the accustomed torch in her hand, ready to perform the duty which had already been done for her. She stared and I stared, but silence being imperative, no explanation took place. Later on we naturally sought each other to discuss this mysterious occurrence. My description of the quaint little stranger who had forestalled the other on this occasion, drew forth from Sister Veronica the surprised exclamation, "There is no one like that here!" Then I applied to others in the hope that they might be able to enlighten me on the subject, but no; the answer was invariably the same—they knew of no such sister. The affair soon became the one topic of conversation in the convent, and as several of the nuns and boarders were made rather nervous in consequence, our Superior requested us not to say anything more about it.'

"'How frightened I should have been,' exclaimed Maggie. The others re-echoed her sentiments with the exception of Mary, who quietly remarked, 'I hope the soul of Sister Theodosia is not flying about, for you have exactly described her as she used to dress when she lighted our candles—she wore just such another poke bonnet.'"

"Good!" said Weston, with an approving nod of the head.

"Another!" cried we all.

Gerrard smiled, well pleased, and resumed.

#### THE GHOST OF THE CARMELITE FRIAR.

"The following was told me by a west-end physician, prefaced by the remark that he neither believed in ghosts nor spiritual manifestations, but that he could vouch for what he was going to tell me, though he could not account for it.

"About three years ago two friends of his were desirous to meet with a nice place somewhere in the country. After the necessary process of applying to house agents, advertising in the *Times*, etc., had been gone through, and the usual amount of disappointment experienced in consequence, they at length heard of a place in Worcestershire, which, from the description given them by a friend, seemed as though it had been made on purpose for them. Provided with a card of admission, they came, saw, and were conquered. The house was a beautiful and commodious one; grounds and gardens equally so; the shooting excellent; the surrounding country lovely; and, to crown all, the rent asked for this earthly paradise was a merely nominal one. This latter circumstance aroused Mr. V——'s suspicions, and he whispered to Mrs. V—— that there must be something radically wrong with the drains, but no; on enquiry the drainage arrangements were found to be as perfect as everything else. It is almost needless to tell you that under these circumstances my friends soon became the tenants of —— Hall. I will not weary you with a description of the interior of this 'very desirable mansion,' suffice it to say that the entrance hall, as is not unfrequently the case, was fitted up as a sitting-room in which one could lounge away a few idle hours very pleasantly of an evening. There was a black oaken table in the centre, with high-backed chairs to match; the floor was covered with a Turkey carpet, several portraits of grim-looking old ancestors of the proprietors in buff jerkins and ruffs frowned down from the walls, and suits of armour, together with various warlike weapons, were suspended everywhere. At the further end was a staircase leading up to a gallery, at either end of which were doors conducting to the bed-rooms. One of these was made of green baize.

"So delighted was Mrs. V—— with this antiquated looking hall that she laughingly declared to her husband that she should never sit anywhere else. An arrangement to which he was quite agreeable, as the summer breeze floated in pleasantly through the open door, and the distant Malvern hills formed a charming background. One evening, shortly after they had taken up their residence at —— Hall, Mrs. V—— was working at a piece of tapestry, and Mr. V—— was smoking a cigar on the steps. Suddenly the former heard the green baize door close with considerable violence.

"She looked round and saw a man in the dress of a Carmelite friar walking slowly along the gallery. His long beard, brown hood, and gown of corresponding hue, were plainly distinguishable in the fading light. As he disappeared through the

opposite door, Mrs. V—— screamed loudly, 'Thieves! thieves!' a cry which at once brought her husband in. 'Where are they?' he said, seeing no one but his wife in the hall.

"Up there—up there!" she cried, in accents of terror; 'I have just seen a man pass along the gallery.'

"Not waiting to hear more, Mr. V—— hastened up the stairs, and followed in the direction pointed out by the terrified lady as that taken by the supposed robber. Not long after he returned, having, as he said, seen no one in any of the bed-rooms.

"Then there must be a secret passage somewhere," suggested Mrs. V——; 'for I distinctly saw the man.' And she proceeded to describe his appearance.

"Seating himself by her side, in imitation of her example, Mr. V—— kept his eyes fixed on the gallery and the corresponding doors, but nothing more was seen of the man in brown.

"The following day Mrs. V—— told the head-gardener, who had been for years at ——, of what had taken place.

"Without pausing in his employment—that of fastening up some rose-bushes—the man simply contented himself with an occasional 'indeed!' an ejaculation which, as Mrs. V—— afterwards remarked, was far from calculated to clear up the mystery.

"For several nights, Mr. V—— kept an eager look-out in case of a reappearance of the burglar, but he came not.

"Not long afterwards, Colonel ——, of the Royal Artillery, visited my friends, and, while talking to him one evening in the hall, again the baize-door opened and shut.

"Mrs V—— looked round with a start, and there was the man in brown stalking along the gallery.

"See, see!" she cried.

"Both the gentlemen just then were looking, and saw the man as distinctly as she did.

"Why, he's a Carmelite monk," said Colonel ——.

"Mrs. V—— then told him of the former occurrence.

"The house must be searched," was the Colonel's remark; 'the fellow may be one of a band of coiners, who has adopted this disguise for the purpose of frightening you away from the place: such things have happened ere now. Come along, V——, let us have a thorough examination of the premises.'

"Their more lengthened search proving equally unsuccessful, the men returned in silence and with puzzled faces. The week after two other military friends joined the small circle. These latter, both young men, were charmed when told of the mysterious monk who occasionally paced the gallery of an evening.

"O, please, do let us watch for him; do you think he will come to-night?" said one.

"Only give me a pistol, and let me have a shot at the fellow! I shall soon bring him down!" laughed the other.

"I shall do no such thing," replied Mrs. V——; "you might commit murder. We shall certainly watch for him this evening, but I much fear that, like the police, he won't be seen when wanted."

"She was agreeably disappointed, however. As the clock struck ten, the baize door slowly opened, and the man in brown appeared, and walked leisurely along—so leisurely, that all present clearly distinguished his sad, worn features, long beard, and garb of russet hue.

"What think you of that?" remarked Mrs. V——, to the one nearest her; "can it be a ghost that we have seen?"

"The youth thus addressed laughed the idea to scorn.

"Oh, oh—come now; really that is too bad—a ghost in the nineteenth century—more likely a lover of one of the housemaids!"

"Or of the cook's," suggested the other.

"In all probability, it is the head-gardener himself, who hopes to get rid of you before the peach season comes round," said Colonel ——.

"I know how to catch the rascal, and make him sing small," cried the youngest of the 'subs'; and so tickled was he with his own idea, that he lay back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"May I ask what it is?" said Mrs. V——, anxiously.

"Let's tie a rope across the gallery, and, my stars! won't we see the fellow come a cropper!"

"Well, that cannot kill him," said the hostess, and she smiled at the suggestion.

"So did the others, and they expressed their approval of the proposed stratagem. Without any of the servants being made aware of the experiment that was to be made, the necessary rope was procured and laid aside for future use.

"Great was the merriment indulged in on the following evening at the expense of the make-believe ghost as the young men proceeded to their task of improvising a trap to catch the unwary promenader. This was effected by their securing the rope to the balustrade on the one side and nailing it to the wall on the other. This feat accomplished, the youths rejoined the others, who, seated in the hall, had been observers of their work.

"I fear his ghostship won't favour us this evening just because we are prepared for him," said Colonel ——, as the clock struck the hour of ten.

"Mrs. V—— agreed with him, while the others took a more hopeful view of the case.

"Meanwhile they lounged about in the hall, and in the enjoyment of cigars and conversation for the moment forgot all about the nocturnal wanderer. The hand of the clock pointed to eleven when Colonel —— was startled by Mrs. V—— suddenly grasping him by the arm and calling out 'Look!' No one had heard the usual shutting of the baize door, yet there was the monk stalking along towards the other, which he reached and passed through with as much ease as though no such thing as a rope impeded his way.

"'The nails must have fallen out.' As he said this the youngest sub was clearing the stairs. To his unbounded astonishment he found the rope just as he had left it.

"'Is there any story attached to this place?' Mrs. V—— inquired of a voluble neighbour who had driven over to have tea with her on the day following this fresh mystification.

"'Yes,' replied the other; 'I have heard it said that it was a monastery, and when that rapacious tyrant Henry VIII. drove away all the poor monks and nuns from their various abodes, —— was not spared more than the others. By Royal mandate the monks were to be driven away, and all obeyed the imperious command save one, who positively refused to leave the home to which he was so deeply attached.'

"'And was he allowed to remain?'

"'No, he was murdered.'

"Mrs. V—— kept her own counsel, but ere a year had elapsed —— Hall was again in the list of those houses for which there was wanted—a tenant!"

"Bravo!" cried Danecourt, "truly an excellent story, but I'll cap it with one told me by my cousin Julia. You must for the time imagine that it is she who speaks."

#### FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

"We lived in Yorkshire at the time of my mother's death, which happened when I was in my eighteenth year, and my father and I continued to live in the large gloomy old house rendered yet more so by the absence of her we both so deeply mourned. It must have been on the night of my mother's funeral; yes, for I was lying in my bed sobbing bitterly at thoughts of the sad procession which had that day left our house, and of her I should never see again, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a step on the stair. I listened, wondering who it could be that was up at that time of night. Whoever it was, the steps, once the land-



ing was gained, turned to the right and went towards my father's room—that which he and my mother used to occupy during her lifetime, for no entreaties of mine could induce him to leave a chamber which must naturally recall to his mind such sad recollections—there they ceased. In the morning I asked my maid which of the servants it was who had come up the stairs after we were in bed. No one that she knew of, she said; the others had gone to their rooms before she had left the kitchen. Rendered nervous and wakeful through sorrow, I spent a succession of sleepless nights, and on each of these, as the clock struck twelve, the same gentle footfall was heard on the stair. I confess that for me these measured steps breaking in as they did on the deep silence had an eerie sound, and I felt my heart throb at their perpetual recurrence.

“Again I spoke to my maid on the subject, and insisted that some one of the servants must be given to sleep-walking; for who else could it be that thus walked about in the night-time? The maid's answer surprised me.

“‘Indeed, ma'am, we have all heard them as well as you, and we are just as much at a loss to account for them as yourself. The cook says——’ Here Agnes stopped short, and looked at me with a half-frightened air.

“Well, what does the cook say?

“‘That she thinks it very strange this walking about should never have been heard before missis was buried.’

“I started; the very same idea had presented itself to my mind. Could it, indeed, be the spirit of my dear mother which was revisiting her earthly home? It certainly was curious that the footsteps always went in the direction of my father's door, and never returned. Much I wondered whether he had noticed them. Should I speak of them to him, or wait until he himself mentioned the subject? Not many days elapsed before he did so.

“‘Julia,’ he said, one morning at breakfast, ‘which of the servants is it who walks about the house at a late hour? I wish you would inquire, and put a stop to it. For weeks past I have been disturbed, and made restless by steps coming up the stairs, then along the passage, and stopping outside my door. It is most annoying, have you not heard it?’

“‘We have all heard it!’

“‘All! but it must be one of the household—a sleep-walker perhaps.’

“‘No, papa; the servants are quite as unable to account for it as we are.’

“‘That seems odd; who do you think it can be then?’

"I was overcome with emotion, but at length I found courage to say—

"The steps were first heard by me on the night of dear mama's funeral; and—and I cannot help thinking that in some way or other they are connected with her, for they always go to your door; should you like me to try and ascertain if they are?"

"My father covered his face with his hands, and sat silent for a few minutes; then he said in low, sad tones—

"No, Julia; if, as you seem to think, the spirit of your darling mother comes back to visit me, I should not wish her to be disturbed."

"He never again alluded to the mysterious footsteps, nor did I, although night after night they came up the stairs, and along the gallery as far as *his* door. For myself, I grew painfully accustomed to them, and should have missed them had they ceased to make themselves heard."

"Miss Julia," said my maid to me one morning, while brushing my hair, "You heard the steps last night?"

"Yes."

"And that they went on to the master's door as usual?"

"Yes."

"For cook and I put a chair, overturned, at the top of the stair to see if that would stop them, but it did not, so it must be a spirit that walks about."

"What would I not give to see who or what it is! Agnes, have you the courage to sit up one night with me, and whenever we hear the steps we can run out and see if there really is anything there?"

"My young maid was as eager as myself to investigate the mystery in the daytime; but when night came, with its sombre hues and moaning wind, poor Agnes shivered, and declared that her nerves would not stand the shock were she to see what she dreaded to see. To tell the truth, I found my own courage fail me as night approached."

"Two years passed away, and the haunting steps were as constant as ever; and as both of us had grown more courageous with the flight of time, Agnes and I at length resolved, cost what it might, to sit up and watch for the nocturnal visitor—the very night for our doing so was agreed upon, when, to our surprise and disappointment, the steps suddenly ceased. How was this to be accounted for? Alas! in a manner generally the reverse of pleasing to a grown-up daughter who imagines she is all in all to her father."

"Julia, my dear, I am about to give you a second mother; see that yours is a loving reception, for she deserves it!"

"My father, as he said these words, stooped down and kissed me tenderly on the forehead.

"O, Miss!" exclaimed my maid, when I told her of the meditated change in our domestic arrangements, 'then we'll never hear the footsteps again.' And we never did."

"A creepy story, truly," said Weston, looking round upon us, with a grave expression on his usually beaming face; "and I think, of the two I would rather be looking at the monk than lying awake night after night in that gloomy old house listening to these steps echoing on the stairs and along the passages—and they were really never heard again?"

"No; so my cousin told me."

"Well, you and Gerrard have given us two excellent stories; I really don't know which is best."

"And now," said Harcourt, of Christ Church, "I remember a story which may serve to amuse you.

"One evening, last Christmas term, I took a book from off a table by side of which my mother sat knitting a stocking. Observing it to be Owen's 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World,' I asked my mother, with a laugh, if she believed in ghosts.

"Since you ask me, James," was her answer, 'considering the singular experience I had myself, I cannot say that I do not.'

"My curiosity excited, I asked her to let me know what that experience was, and she did so as follows:—

#### THE WALLED-UP DOOR.

"When your aunt Theresa lived in Northamptonshire, she asked your father and I to visit her, which we did. It was late when we arrived, and we were at once shown to our room to dress for dinner. The sleeping apartment assigned us was far from calculated to promote cheerfulness. A decidedly depressing air was perceptible, and this affected us both uncomfortably whenever we entered it. Its aspect was rendered gloomy by heavy, black oaken furniture, large four-posted bed with black velvet hangings, and window curtains to match, while its atmosphere can only be described by the word *fusty*.

"Dinner over and the guests departed, for your aunt had invited several neighbours to meet us, Sir James and I withdrew to our room. Having had a long journey we felt very tired, and glad were we when the good folks had taken themselves off.

"It certainly looks as if it had a story attached to it, said I, as, candle in hand, I made a survey of the apartment and peered into all the nooks and corners of which there were only too many for my taste. While engaged in making this inspection my eyes fell on a built-up door in the wall at my side of the bed. I pointed this out to your father, who looked at it and on the general surroundings with an unmistakeable air of disgust.

"I wish with all my heart we were out of this place," he remarked in tones of irritation, as he covered himself with the clothes; "I know I shall have another severe attack of rheumatism from the damp."

"I fervently hoped not, for Sir James when suffering from these seizures, was the reverse of a Job.

"After a few common-place observations we disposed ourselves to sleep, but there was no rest for us that night. We did nothing but toss about and shiver in the most miserable manner. My limbs shook and my teeth chattered as though I had the ague; and I could hear your father's going like a pair of castanets. I rose more than once and heaped shawls and greatcoats on the bed, but these, strange to say, procured us no access of warmth—we lay and shivered as before.

"Never spent such a miserable night in my life," said Sir James, as the morning light streamed in through the shutters; "I am convinced no one has slept in this room for three years at least; your sister deserves a good talking to for putting us into it."

"As for me, I felt as if I had never been in bed at all.

"Unrefreshed, and looking for all the world as though we were in want of a pair of these "combined nerve invigorators" which one sees advertised everywhere, we took our seats at the breakfast table. I noticed that Theresa looked at us curiously, but she made no remark, neither did we.

"I wonder what kind of night we shall have," Sir James remarked as we once more found ourselves in our sleeping apartment.

"We were not long suffered to remain in doubt upon this point. Again we shivered and tossed; only the cold seemed more intense and our shiverings more acute than on the preceding one. Again I rose to procure some extra wraps, and as I did so I distinctly saw a very cloudy looking substance near to the built-up door.

"I am off to town—another such night would kill me!" moaned poor Sir James, as he tossed and turned feverishly from side to side. Fortunately, the post-bag furnished him with the necessary excuse, and he set out by an early train,

leaving me to face the horrors of another night alone. What should I do under these far from pleasant circumstances? Should I make up my mind to encounter perhaps worse experiences than those I had already gone through, or should I tell Theresa, and ask her to let me have another room? I shrank from this latter alternative; she would only laugh at me, and style my fears childish: no, rather than encounter her railleury I preferred passing another night in the same chamber. And now that it was day I felt inclined to pooh-pooh the whole thing. Doubtless, neither of us were very strong just then; Sir James had been thoroughly worn out by his parliamentary duties, and I had recently recovered from a severe attack of neuralgia; added to which, coming as we did from a comfortable, well-aired town house to a decidedly damp country one, was of itself sufficient to account for our chilly feelings.

“Thus I argued until night came: then my newly-acquired courage deserted me, and it was with a sinking heart that I entered my room, now looking more than ever gloomy, and closed the door, thus separating myself from all human companionship. Most earnestly I wished at that moment that I had gone with your father. Well, there was no help for it, and I put the extinguisher on the candle with pretty much the same feelings as those with which a prisoner retires to rest knowing that he has the water torture before him. How can I ever describe to you that awful night! how make you realise one-tenth of what I suffered! In the first place, as on the previous night, I suddenly became aware of an all pervading sense of cold, and I started up in bed shivering violently. At the same moment an icy stream of air blew in upon me; the surrounding atmosphere seemed iced into fridity, and chilled me to the spine. My heart beat almost audibly, and a cold dew burst out on my brow, as my eyes, impelled as it seemed to look in the direction of the walled-up door, saw, O horror! close to me—so close that I could trace the outline of a figure in its midst—the grey cloudy pillar. This was too much. With a scream I darted out of bed, threw wide the door, and fled along the gallery then lit up by the moon’s rays transmitted through a window emblazoned with the family arms, a star rising from behind a dark cloud, with the motto, “I shine in obscurity.” I particularly describe this window, for even now whenever I recall that terrible experience I remember the delight with which I regarded it, feeling as though I had escaped into the regions of light and safety.

“My sister’s room gained, I threw open her door, frightening her out of her sleep.

"Who is there?" she cried in alarm. "Theresa," I gasped, "is there anything the matter with that room you put us into?"

"Well, it is called the haunted room," she said with provoking coolness.

"And why did you put us there?"

"Because I did not think you were such fools as to believe in ghosts."

"You should not have done so," I went on; "we have had a miserable time of it, and rather than return to that fearful chamber, I shall spend the remainder of the night in a chair."

"Which I did."

"It seems," said my mother in conclusion, "that the built-up door formerly led into a chapel in which a young lady had been murdered, and ours having been her room, her ghost was believed to haunt it."

"How could my aunt remain in any such place?"

"She did not live there long. Shortly after our visit she left, and — was bought by a neighbouring squire, who pulled down the supposed-to-be haunted part and built an entirely new wing."

"And so laid the ghost?"

"Yes."

When Harcourt had finished, Walton of Trinity said he should now tell us a story in connection with a *bona fide* haunted house in London.

"Not in — Square, I hope," said Weston, with an anxious expression; "officer in the room—friends in one below—bell rung twice—pistol shot—man found de—"

"No, no, no;" said Walton, laughing heartily, as Weston thus glibly went over the very startling details we had all heard mentioned in connection with — Square; "*my* house is not in a square, but in a street in the neighbourhood of one whose name I leave you to guess."

"The reason why I came to know anything about it," went on Walton, "is that two sisters, great friends of my family, have apartments there. The landlady was a former maid of theirs; and on her setting up this establishment some years ago, the Misses M——, their brothers and sisters having married, took rooms in it, and have remained there ever since. My youngest sister is very devoted to these girls, and always puts in an appearance on their 'at home' days. Not many weeks ago I accompanied her on one of these visits, and while partaking of an excellent cup of tea, I heard the youngest one remark to her with an amused expression, 'Ella! imagine; we have a ghost here.'"



"'A ghost—a real ghost?' cried my sister, '*here—in this house?*'"

"'Yes; there is something very funny about it; strange noises are heard, but I shall tell it you all from the beginning.'"

"'O, do, there's a dear!' And my sister nestled close up to her friend with a face of delighted expectancy.

"Miss M——, then began her tale."

#### THE BUTLER'S GHOST.

Last summer while at —, we had Miss Wakefield (the landlady) to stay with us for a few days. She had been very unwell, and we hoped the change would do her good. One evening I took her out for a walk to show her the beauties of the place; and while passing an empty, desolate looking, old house, I remarked that I should not wonder if it were haunted.

To this our landlady made reply, "Would you be surprised to learn that there is a haunted house in — Street?"

"Indeed! what number?" was my very natural exclamation.

"No. 17."

"Come, now, you are joking."

"I assure you I am in perfect earnest; and I only mention it to you because the noises have become so dreadful that I think it right you should know about them."

"But we have been with you some years now, and we have heard no mysterious noises."

"Because they take place in the down stairs rooms."

"And when did you first hear them?"

"Only this summer. Owing to the house being very full, I had to give up my room in the top storey and go down to the lower; then my sleep was disturbed in the most unaccountable manner. It seems, however, that the figure was seen many years ago."

"A figure! then, there is a *real* ghost; and who is it supposed to be?"

"A butler, who committed suicide a long time since. This is how I came to know about it. Nine years ago a cousin of mine spent the evening with me. It was summer, and the weather being very warm, we sat with the window open. About ten o'clock, I said to her, 'You won't mind my leaving you for a few minutes, as I must go up stairs and see that all the rooms are right.' 'O, dear, no,' she said, quite pleasantly. I was a good deal astonished then, when on my return she instantly rose, shook hands with me very hurriedly, and merely

saying 'It is time I was going,' went away looking much put out. Since that night I have seen nothing of her till last Christmas, when we met at the house of an aunt of mine; and then she appeared quite as glad to see me as I was to meet her. On my asking her why it was that she never came near me, she hesitated for a moment, and then said, 'Well, it is better you should know what happened the last night I was in your house, so I will tell you. After you left me I saw something so dreadful that nothing will ever induce me to enter it again.'

"'Good, gracious!' said I, 'what was it you saw?'

"'I saw a man dressed in white, with a death-like face, and a long beard, go three or four times round the room, and then disappear through the wall near the fireplace, from which there immediately afterwards came out, as it were, waves of white.'

"I stared at her.

"'It was awful to see it—it was awful to see it!' she kept repeating.

"'Why did you not call me?' I said.

"'I could do nothing,' she replied, 'but sit there watching the man in an agony of fear.'

"That must have been the man poor Jane saw," I observed, as if to myself.

"'What did she see?' asked my cousin eagerly.

"She described just such a man as yours; only he was lying on the floor with his arms folded on his breast. She saw him distinctly, and told me that he was dressed in white; and his face and eyes were like those of a dead person, though the latter were wide open and staring: also, that he had a long beard. Her seeing him cost her her place, for she was so ill in consequence of the fright she got, that she was obliged to go home. Since then," continued the landlady, "I was one night in my parlour, which, as you know, is next to the room occupied by the maids making up my accounts. The door being open, I could see into the passage. Hearing a noise I looked up and saw the handle being turned rapidly round, and there was no one there. This went on for some time, then all was quiet. You will laugh at me, but so terrified was I, that I sat up all night in my chair, not daring to leave the room in case I should see something in the passage as I went out."

"And the noises?"

"Have been incessant—I am awakened at all hours by them. First I hear a rushing sound; then things are thrown down in the kitchen with great violence. I never closed my eyes till three this morning with the perpetual going to and fro

there was in the passage ; my great fear is that my servants will find out the house is haunted and leave me. I hope, Miss Emma, that you and your sister won't go away."

I re-assured her, by telling her that in the first place we did not believe in ghosts ; secondly, that I was certain these sounds could all be accounted for in a natural manner if we were only to take the trouble to enquire into them ; and thirdly, that even were the house haunted, we should not be frightened out of it.

She thanked me, and then the subject dropped.

On our return to town, I asked Miss Wakefield if the noises were still going on.

"I am sorry to say they are," she replied, "and that, too, worse than ever. Only this morning the new parlour maid, who came to me yesterday, asked if I had come down stairs in the night-time, as she had heard steps on the stair, and then some one went into the kitchen, and made a tremendous noise."

"As if a number of trays had been thrown down on the

"What kind of noise?" I asked.  
floor."

This appeared to me so very strange (went on Miss M——), that last week I sat up in the room below with my nephew till three in the morning, hoping that I might either see or hear something, but I did neither.

"Could I see it?" my sister asked, with eager looks and clasped hands ; 'I should so like to be able to say that I had been in a haunted room.'

Miss Emma laughed, and proceeded to inquire of the landlady if she might bring her friend downstairs. The answer was in the affirmative ; and on my asking permission to accompany them, I was allowed to make one of the party. Together we descended to the basement storey. The worn stone-flagged passage, and the parlour, seated in which Miss Wakefield had been frightened by the revolving door handle, were examined with much curiosity ; but our interest was centred in the room in which the ghost of the butler had been seen. I must candidly confess that I don't think I should like to pass a night in it myself, it looked so terribly ghostly. Being underground, the sun's rays never penetrated into it, and its atmosphere was decidedly chilly.

"The smiling landlady fully endorsed Miss M——'s singular narrative. She showed us where the man had committed suicide, close to the window, where blood-stains were yet to be seen ; pointed to the travelling boxes from amongst which the figure came forth that frightened her cousin ;

attracted our attention to the beam-traversed ceiling which attested the age of that portion of the house; pointed out the chair in which she was seated when she saw the handle turning; and opened the door to the same extent that it was that night, in order to show us that the passage was visible from where she sat—in short, her unvarnished statements and highly pleasing exterior so impressed us, that we left No. 17 thoroughly convinced of her truthfulness, and highly delighted to think we had been in a veritable haunted house."

"And this in the nineteenth century—this age of progress? The thing is impossible!"

And Guy laughed incredulously.

"Don't be so sceptical," replied Giffard, of Lincoln, who had joined our party a little before; "I, also, can give you a somewhat curious nineteenth century experience."

Without further preface he began.

#### THE MISSION LAUNDRY.

"Some few years ago, when in town, I was staying with a friend who takes a great interest in all things connected with the supernatural.

"One morning, while at breakfast, a ring came to the door bell, and shortly after the butler entered with a tray bearing a card. This he handed to Mrs. N——, who, glancing at it, told the man to show Mr. S—— in.

"Cordial greetings exchanged, Mr. S—— commenced with an apology for his early visit, and ended with asking if he might bring the Rev. Mr. Blank to luncheon that day.

"'Delighted to see any friend of yours,' was the hospitable reply.

"'You will be more delighted when I tell you the reason for my bringing him.

"'Mr. Blank, who is one of the clergymen of ——, has a ghost in his parish. This distresses him very much, and he has done all he could to get rid of it, but in vain. Her ghostship—for the spectre is that of a female—refuses to be driven away "by candle, by book, or by bell;" and her visitations have recently become so frequent, and the noises so alarming, that the inmates are terrified, and the neighbourhood scandalised in consequence.'

"'What fun!' exclaimed Mrs. N——, in great delight; 'and pray who are the inmates?'

"'A pious sister and sundry washerwomen. The house is known as the Mission Laundry, and is maintained in connection with the celebrated sisterhood of ——.'

"But (rising) Mr. Blank can tell you all about it, and will give you his reasons for wishing to speak to you on the subject. His are *very* special ones, I assure you."

"He laughed as he shook hands; Mrs. N—— laughed; I laughed; then we all laughed in concert.

"Half-past one, remember," said Mrs. N——; and please don't be late, as I am all curiosity to hear what Mr. Blank has got to say."

"Punctual to the time named, Mr. S—— and his clerical friend made their appearance. The latter was a little, thin man, with a pale face and anxious, worn expression, which, however, gradually wore off under the combined influences of a good luncheon and cheerful conversation. The mid-day meal discussed, we returned to the library; and after a few preliminary coughs, the reverend gentleman introduced the topic then uppermost in his thoughts.

"Mr. S—— will have told you no doubt," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. N——, "my reasons for intruding myself upon you to-day."

"No; I left you to explain that. I merely mentioned that your parish possessed a refractory ghost, and that the house it honoured with its presence is called the Mission Laundry."

"Waving his hand towards Mr. S——, in token of his gratitude, Mr. Blank resumed.

"I assure you I have taken every possible means to get rid of the haunting spectre. I have watched the house, slept in it, prayed in it, but without avail. I cannot lay the ghost as other clergymen have done; and informed by my young friend here that you are very intimate with Mr. Home, I asked for an introduction to you, in the hope that you might prevail upon him to get up a *séance* in the laundry, in order that by this means the parish may be rid of this most undesirable intruder. Has not Mr. Home the power to make spirits appear and disappear at pleasure?"

"Yes."

"And you have seen them depart?"

"Snuffed out like a candle!" laughed Mr. S——.

"Mrs. N—— shook her head at him, and replied to Mr. Blank's question in the affirmative.

"And he can make them speak?"

"Yes."

"Do you think he will consent to come?"

"I am sure he will."

"And—and—will make the spirit tell its history, and why it so torments poor Sister Mary?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Blank's face brightened up wonderfully.

"How grateful we shall be to Mr. Home."

"And Mr. S—— informs me that Mr. Home can take photographs?"

"I never heard of his doing so; but we can bring a photographer with us who will take the spirit at once."

"Mr. Blank's face beamed afresh."

"How truly interesting—so grateful—so grateful!" he murmured.

"And now," said Mrs. N——, "will you kindly tell me something about this ghost; I am all anxiety to have full particulars of the hauntings."

"It seems," he said, "that many years ago, in one of these houses—for there are two connected with the laundry: the one is the washing-house, and the haunted one is the dwelling-house—there lived a man of evil reputation, whose wife died in rather a mysterious manner, and who himself committed suicide not long after. This much I found out after poor, dear Sister Mary had spoken to me of the terrible nights she had endured in consequence of the noises which she heard there. The first time she was disturbed in this unpleasant manner was immediately on her arrival at the Mission, when busy over her accounts after the others had retired to rest. The houses are connected by an underground passage, and along this came loud, hurried footsteps, as though a man were stamping about in thick boots. Then the steps increased in number, until at length several persons seemed to be running backwards and forwards. This so annoyed Sister Mary that she rose, took her candle, and went into the matron's room to ask her what she meant by allowing the women to make this dreadful noise. To her surprise she found the matron in bed and fast asleep. She then hastened to the washerwomen's part of the house—they too were in their beds. Opening the door leading into the passage, she distinctly heard footsteps in front of her, but could see no one; neither did her inquiry, "Who's there?" elicit any reply. Her survey over, she returned to her books, but so tremendous became the noise that she felt it impossible to continue her work. She, therefore, left off; noticing, as she passed the clock on her way up-stairs, that the hand pointed to one.

"The night following the same thing occurred; and this time the matron came to her in great alarm, asking what it meant. Of course Sister Mary was as much puzzled to account for it as herself; and together the poor trembling women sat listening to the continual stamping and banging of doors that was going on underneath. Next morning two of the assistants



gave warning; they had never slept all night, and could not stay any longer in a house where such things took place; it was as much as their lives were worth.

"The next time Sister Mary heard the sounds, they came from the room in which it was said the man had hanged himself; and she described them as being of the most terrifying description—a perfect "hurly-burly," in short. Things were thrown about; there was a constant walking backwards and forwards; doors were slammed with tremendous violence; and at times she distinctly heard men and women's voices in angry altercation. For the space of two years Sister Mary endured this and more in silence; then she felt she must speak or lose her senses; so she told me all.

"At first I could not believe her story, it seemed so incredible, and I expressed my belief that these noises were got up to frighten her by some of the washerwomen; but she persisted in saying she knew for a certainty that they proceeded from no natural causes. Neither they did: I soon satisfied myself as to that, for I slept a fortnight in the house, and I can only describe them by the epithet—diabolical. Indeed, one night such a fearful crashing and banging of doors went on in the room overhead, that next day we had the flooring lifted, thinking there might be something hidden underneath; and I made rather a curious discovery. I came upon a small box lying in straw, and in it there was a pawn ticket for some uncut jewels, deposited with Attenborough in 1857. Armed with this I went to his shop. He looked at it, and said, that if the jewels were not redeemed they would be sold, and as the manager he had then was no longer with him, he was unable to throw any light on the matter. The result of this discovery was, that the noises in the room that night were ten times worse than ever. It seemed as though several furious men were stamping about and destroying everything that came within reach. Shortly after the ghost made its appearance on the scene. The washerwomen declared they heard a lady in a silk dress, and high-heeled shoes, walking along the passage. One day a laundry-maid had a towel snatched out of her hand by an evil looking old woman; a second received a slap on her face, she could not tell from whom; while a third was found in a faint in the laundry. She had seen, she said, a woman in a black silk dress, who stood and shook her hand at her. Then, again, a figure was seen pacing up and down a circumscribed piece of ground in the garden, as though it were measuring a grave. On another occasion, the greater part of a congregation on their return from evening service in a neighbouring church, saw

some one in white at one of the windows, who bowed gravely out to them. All these things are still going on, and I, as I told you before, seem to lack the spiritual power requisite to exorcise them.'

"'And is Sister Mary still there?' Mrs. N—— inquired.

"'Yes; and so broken in health, that her doctor says she must at once go away to the sea side, or he will not answer for the consequences.'

"'Then get her away, and once the *séance* has taken place, she will not be subjected to any further annoyance from the ghost.'

"Mr. Blank again expressed his gratitude, and after a few general remarks, he and Mr. S. took their departure.

"Shortly after, I left —— Square.

"In the autumn of the following year I was again staying with Mrs. N——. A Miss F—— was also a guest in the house. It seemed this lady was notorious amongst her friends for her belief in ghosts and her expeditions in quest of haunted houses.

"'By the bye,' I said one day to Mrs. N——, on hearing her allude to Mr. Home, 'did you succeed in getting up a *séance* at the Mission Laundry?'

"'No; Mr. Home was leaving England when I wrote to him, and he could not come with us.'

"'Then the ghost is still as active as ever?'

"'I really do not know. I have seen nothing of Mr. S—— for some time, and so cannot say whether it is or not. Miss F——, you should go and see after it.'

"'See after what?' Mrs. N—— told her the story, which interested her very much, she said, and she should certainly find her way to —— some day soon.

"The very same evening this ghost hunter returned for dinner in high spirits, and said she had been to the Mission Laundry.

"'And did you see Sister Mary?' said Mrs. N——.

"'No; she is away for her health, so I was told by Sister Agnes, who has taken her place. It was such fun,' and Miss F—— laughed.

"'Then give us your experiences that we may laugh too.'

"In reply to Mrs. N——, Miss F—— gave us the following account of her adventures.

"'Having inquired as to the whereabouts of the Mission Laundry, I walked in its direction, and soon found myself in front of the reputed haunted houses. I was much disappointed with their exterior. Both were small and common-place looking. Leading up to the door of the principal one was a flight

of steps. These I ascended, and rung the visitors' bell. A tall handsome woman, in the dress of a sister of mercy, came forward and saluted me with a sweet smile.

"Please to walk in, she said, at the same time that she threw open a door to the right of the passage. I entered, and seated myself in the indicated chair, while the sister took possession of one opposite.

"You are Sister Mary," I began.

"No; Sister Agnes: Sister Mary is away at present in bad health. What can I do for you?" another sweet smile.

"I have called in consequence of the story told of the laundry by Mr. Blank."

"*Father Blank*," emphasised Sister Agnes. I bowed corrected. I had observed on entering the pretty little room that its walls were profusely adorned with those pious emblems so dear to the Anglican heart.

"*He* says that it is haunted; and that Sister Mary has had a terrible time of it."

"O, dear, dear! How very tiresome all this is." (As she spoke Sister Agnes clasped her hands together.) "I really wish *Father Blank* would not go about talking such nonsense; he is getting us into no end of trouble. The owner is so angry! She has been told that Mr. Home is coming to lay the ghost; and she says if he does the reputation of her house is gone for ever, and she will never get another tenant. It is really too bad of *Father Blank*. I am tired to death by people coming to "hear all about the apparition," what it says and what it does; and who go away quite annoyed when I tell them there is no such thing. There, the other day, an open carriage and pair, with four ladies, a gentleman, and a dog, drove up to the door; and Sister Mary was asked for. When I went out to them, they told me they had heard the place was haunted, and they had come to see the ghost. They would insist that it was the case, and were positively quite rude when I said it was not. They did their utmost to force an entrance, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting them away. As they drove off, the names Sister Mary and *Father Blank* were hurled at me in wrath."

"As she finished, the handsome Anglican gave me an upbraiding look, doubtless voting me a "bore," although I had neither carriage nor poodle. But I explained matters to her; telling her that it was no idle curiosity which had procured her a visit from me. That I was deeply interested in houses supposed to be haunted; that I had walked nine miles to see the Laundry, and should not have intruded had *Father Blank* not said that Sister Mary would be delighted to see any

one who wished to hear about the ghost; and that had I known she was away, I should have waited till her return. This apology on my part was well received by the justly-vexed Sister. She laughed, and said that my coming under these circumstances was very different: she was only annoyed with people such as those she had mentioned. And in order to convince me that I was not unwelcome, she went to the side-board, from whence she brought me a glass of wine and some biscuits, to refresh me, she said, after my long walk. Thus we became friends; and Sister Agnes spoke very freely on the subject of the ghost.

"She could not imagine how a sensible man like Father Blank could take up his time with such folly; that Sister Mary was made nervous and fanciful owing to bad health, and had imagined a great deal; and as for the laundry maids, their minds were so wrought up to believe anything, that one day when she entered the kitchen with a shawl over her head on account of the toothache, they all screamed out "Here's the ghost—here's the ghost!" and were preparing to run away when she spoke to them and so calmed their fears.

"I felt dreadfully disappointed when the Sister talked in this fashion, to think there was no haunting shade after all! and I had had my long walk for nothing; but the following remarks afterwards convinced me that there *was* something funny about the Laundry, and that Sister Agnes had a *special reason* for speaking as she did.

"Do you really think Mr. Home means to have a *séance* here?"

"In answer to her enquiry, I said, No; he cannot have one now, for he has left England.

"I am so thankful for poor Mrs. Owen's sake. She begged me so earnestly to try and prevent his coming; also, *to say a good word for the Laundry to any one who asked me about the ghost, otherwise no one would take it when we left.*

"Are you going to leave?"

"Yes; we remove next month to —."

"And before your departure you are kindly doing your best to re-establish the character of the house?"

"Well, I *am* trying to do so; Mrs. Owen is so afraid it will remain empty on her hands."

"Thanking Sister Agnes for her kind reception of me, we shook hands cordially, and I took my departure.

"*When we left,*" these words spoke volumes. Some few months after, I was talking to a friend about the Mission Laundry, when a lady present, said, 'A son of mine lives at —, and I will get him to go and see it; he takes such in-

terest in haunted houses.' She did so, and was told by him that he had gone at once to the Laundry and found, much to his annoyance, that *both houses had been pulled down.*"

"Talking of London ghosts," said Walford, "I am told there is a haunted house in Buckingham Palace Road. The haunter seems to be of the 'fetch and carry' order; lights the fire, sweeps the carpets, dusts the furniture, puts on the kettle, and altogether seems a rather good sort of fellow—I assure you it is quite true (Guy's face had assumed a decidedly sceptical expression); I had it from one of the family. Then there is the ghost at —— Hospital. A cousin of mine is a medical student there, and he told me he knew when the patient operated upon was going to die, as he always saw a black shade when in the operating ward."

"I should think that shade will make its appearance pretty often," said Gifford.

"How so?"

"Well, thanks to those odious and misleading vivisections of our poor dumb animals—faugh! the very idea makes me shudder—many honest souls are untimely ferried across the Styx; indeed, I hear that Charon complains loudly of the heavy freights sent him from some of the London Hospitals, and says that he must have a larger boat!"

"Pray, don't let us have any more town ghosts; in my opinion no interest attaches itself to them. They seem completely out of their sphere, and ought not to be treated with the same deferential respect one willingly accords to a family ghost, who is smiled down upon by a long line of ancestral portraits, whose high heels, hoops, sacques, and Cavalier costumes, correspond with black oaken furniture, antique silver plate, and pedigree dating from the Conquest. One naturally associates spectres with an old-fashioned country house, a lordly castle, or moated grange, of which it may be said,—

" 'See'st thou yon grey gleaming Hall  
Where the deep elm shadows fall?  
Voices that have left this earth  
Long ago  
Still are murmuring round its hearth  
Soft and low.' "

"Don't you all agree with me?"

"We do—we do!"

Danecourt went on.

"To look majestic, and to preserve the family dignity,

ghosts ought to have plenty of space, drawing-rooms of vast dimensions, long galleries, stately staircases"——

"Pardon me for interrupting you," broke in Darrell, "but 'stately staircases' recalls to my recollection the story of a spectre, of which perhaps some of you may have heard; by many it is called the 'Brown Lady of R——'; and by others the 'Ghost of the Housekeeper.'"

One or two said they had heard of it; we all expressed a desire to hear what Darrell had to say about it.

#### THE BROWN LADY OF R——

"Calling one day last summer on an intimate friend of mine, I found the well-known G—— B—— in earnest conversation with her. Their subject of discourse proved to be dogs; and this devoted lover of animals amused and interested us with several of the anecdotes with which his mind was stored regarding them. One of his favourite books, he told us, was 'Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter'; and that, like its author, the Rev. James Wood, he firmly believed a future was in store for the lower animals. Proofs were not wanting in support of his argument. The 'spirit of the beast' introduced and discussed, then the conversation turned upon that of the man: this naturally led to ghost stories, of which Mr. G—— B—— seemed to have a choice collection.

"After various supposed-to-be-haunted houses had been touched upon, he asked Mrs. C——, if she had ever heard of R—— Castle, and the ghost which was seen on the principal staircase before any of the family were going to die.

"'Yes;' said the latter, 'and a friend of mine told me this in connection with it. She was staying in a country house with Colonel L——; and when speaking to him about the tradition, she asked if it were true. He said that it was, and that he had seen it. At a late hour, he told me, I was walking up stairs to my room, when I somehow felt impelled to look behind me, and I saw a lady there, the moonbeams shining in full upon her through the painted window. I stopped short and looked at her, wondering which of the guests it could be, who, like myself, had remained so long down stairs. She came nearer to me—and, O horror!

"'I staggered up the remaining steps as best I could, and once in my room, threw myself on the nearest chair in a half fainting condition.'

"'What is the matter with you?' cried my wife, in alarm.

"'I could only gasp forth, I have seen the Brown Lady!'

"'What was she like?'

"'I will sketch her for you.' Shortly after he handed me



a drawing of a figure in a sacque, and with the head of a skeleton.'

"Ha! that is curious!" said G—— B——, "now I will tell you a story about R—— and its ghost. A relation of mine, a Mrs. B——, was the intimate friend of a Mrs. L——, who, strange to say, although a practical matter-of-fact woman, not only believed in but had a longing desire to see the ancestral ghost possessed by the family into which she had married. One day Mrs. L—— came to my relative's house in great delight. 'Congratulate me,' she said, seizing her friend's hand in both hers; 'I am off to R——, and, oh, I do hope I shall see the housekeeper!' Mrs. B—— re-echoed her wish and they parted, Mrs. L—— having first promised that she should write from the haunted mansion. Two months after a letter came. It was full of complaints. I myself saw it, and it began thus: 'Picture my disgust! here have I been all this time, and I have not yet seen the ghost of the housekeeper!'

"A fortnight passed over, and there came a second; this I also saw. 'Imagine my delight,' it began, 'I *have* just seen the housekeeper.' A few weeks later Mrs. B—— received a third, the envelope of which bore the same postmark, but was addressed in a different hand. She opened it hastily, wondering who it could be from, when these words met her eyes—'Aware of your friendship with the deceased Mrs. L——.' Her friend *had* seen the ghost of the housekeeper and was dead."

"Here is another curious incident in connection with R——," said Sir Charles ——, who had recently joined us.

"Two friends of mine were staying there, and one day, when on their way to the drawing-room previous to the ringing of the dinner-bell, they saw tripping up the stairs before them a very elegant young lady in evening dress.

"'Whoever can she be?' the one remarked to the other; 'she must be a new arrival. What an exquisite figure the girl has!'

"'I wonder what her face is like,' whispered the other; 'I wish she would look round.'

"Shortly after this she did turn round, and attached to that lovely figure was the head of a skeleton."

"Delightful!" cried Danecourt; now that is the kind of ghost story I like. Can any one present cap that?"

Silence ensued; no one seemed willing to accept the challenge. At length Staunton, of Brazenose, who had left the room shortly before, now returned with some papers in his hand.

"What have you got there?" said Weston, looking eagerly at him.

"A manuscript. Seeing you were all in a ghost story mood, I bethought me of this copy of an MS. lent me by a friend, and went to my rooms for it, thinking it might interest you, as I am not ashamed to say it did me. Before reading it to you, however, I must ask you to accompany me in thought to the Royal Academy, to which favourite exhibition, some few years ago, I escorted two Scotch cousins. There being a good show of pictures that season, the galleries were most uncomfortably crowded. My temper being ruffled by the crush and the suffocating atmosphere, I was on the point of begging the girls to come away, as there was no possibility of their getting near the 'favourites,' when a lady, darting forth from a corner, seized my youngest cousin by the arm, and said in an audible whisper, 'Only fancy, Isabel, Lord Glen Albyn's portrait is here!'

"Where, where?" was the excited answer.

"The lady pointed to the next room. 'No. 347; so glad I have seen it.'

"Frances, Frances, do you hear that?"

"What?" said Frances, whose attention was just then engaged with one of Desange's beautiful ladies.

"Lord Glen Albyn's portrait is in the next room.'

"Not tarrying to make any answer, Frances made a rush towards the gallery in question, followed closely by Isabel. Intermediate obstacles in the shape of stout gentlemen and portly dowagers were thrust on one side, and the two girls, panting and breathless from their recent exertions, at length found themselves in the neighbourhood of 347, which represented a tall, nice-looking young man in the Highland garb. Judging from the eager crowd there was round it, this portrait was the centre of attraction; glasses of all sizes were levelled at it; lavish praises bestowed upon it; and observations of which the following must be accepted as a specimen were freely indulged in:—

"(*Enthusiastic Young Lady*) 'How truly interesting.'

"(*Aesthetic ditto*) 'And how intense!'

"(*Scheming Mother*) 'Lord Glen Albyn, eldest son and heir of Lord Caledonia!'

"(*Novel-reading Miss*) 'Lord Glen Albyn! what a lovely title!'

"(*Worldly Parent*) 'Castle Caledonia, one of the finest seats in Scotland; anciently a royal residence; dates back to the 10th century; magnificent and extensive park.'

"(*Daughter, in a whisper*) 'Does he know the secret?'

"(*Mother, in reply*) 'Yes, my dear; he was told it when he came of age.'

"(*Lady behind, in hurried tones*) 'Most singular; mystery cannot be solved; attempted again and again. Once with handkerchiefs hung out at the different windows in Lord Caledonia's absence. Lord Caledonia returned unexpectedly; frowned at sight of the fluttering things—knew quite well what they had been up to. One window it seems *not* accounted for; supposed to be *that* of the secret chamber; existence of said chamber known *only* to present proprietor, agent, and heir when he comes of age.'

"(*Lady to the left*) 'Fact, I assure you, quite changed ever since. Left the University to celebrate his twenty-first birthday; *never* been the same person; formerly very gay and full of fun, now quiet and reserved in manner; almost sad looking.'

"(*Old Gentleman, to friend*) 'There's a something no doubt—evidently desirous to shut off the room from the rest of the house; space between door, supposed to lead to the secret chamber and the opposite apartment, filled with coals, saw the footmen filling their scuttles with them; spoke to Lord Caledonia about the mystery jokingly; took it in earnest—desired me never again to mention the subject. Told by one of the family that a violent storm breaks over the Castle in the month of November; no other place in the neighbourhood similarly visited; has a ghost—Earl Beardie!'

"(*Isabel to Frances, with a deep sigh*) 'How charming it would be to be married to a young man with a mystery!'

"Now not being the personal embodiment of a mystery, and in appearance, as you see, the reverse of mysterious looking, I felt considerably hurt by this remark of Isabel Sutherland's. To tell the truth, I was captivated by my pretty Scotch cousin, and feared that now my stout figure, yellow curls, and ruddy cheeks would fail to create a favourable impression on the heart of one who seemed so infatuated with the portrait of Lord Glen Albyn. In the reverse of an amiable frame of mind, I made my way out of the crowd, leaving the young ladies to follow at their leisure.

"While looking at the sculpture a Mrs. A—— came running up to me.

"'O, do tell me, Mr. Staunton; where *am* I to look for Lord Glen Albyn's portrait—No. 347? I and my girls are so anxious to see it.'

"'In the third room from this; but before you go do pray tell me what is all this about Lord Glen Albyn, Castle Caledonia, secret room, and ghost with a beard?'

"'Hah! I see that like me you are deeply interested in this

strange family history, so I shall send you by to-morrow's post a short account of the castle, ghost, etc. You may make a copy of it if you like, but be sure and return me my MSS. Poor Jane Lindsay wrote it down for me, and I would not lose it for all the world.'

"Faithful to her promise, Mrs. A—— forwarded me the manuscript. This, the copy of it, I shall now read to you"——

"But first tell us," said Guy, "what has become of the charming Isabel—are you to be married?"

"Alas, no;" and Staunton grew rather red; "the year after she married a city man who certainly looked as if there was no mystery in his family beyond that of the manner in which he had acquired his wealth."

"I beg pardon, old fellow, for the interruption. Now give us the legend."

#### THE MYSTERY OF CASTLE CALEDONIA.

"Within ten miles of ——, the ancient and picturesque Castle of Caledonia, the seat of the Earl of Caledonia, stands in a finely wooded park.

"Its present dimensions consist of one tall and massive tower of great antiquity, and two wings originally connected, which were built in the year 1140, by Cospatrick, Earl of Caledonia, who repaired and modernised the structure.

"From an old print of Castle Caledonia, it seems to have been anciently far more extensive, consisting of a large quadrangular pile of buildings, having two spacious courts in front, with a tower in each, and gateways and stairs: these were unfortunately removed during the last century, whereby the Castle lost much of its characteristic and feudal appearance.

"On the northern side was the principal tower, which now constitutes the central portion of the present Castle. This tower is upwards of a hundred feet in height. The walls of the Castle are in some places fifteen feet thick; and such its immense height that there are a hundred and forty-three steps in the stair which leads from the bottom to the top. The principal stairs consist of eighty-six steps; on these five people can walk abreast.

"When the Chevalier de St. George visited Caledonia, he declared he had not seen a finer chateau in Europe. On this occasion nearly a hundred beds were made up within the Castle for the royal visitor and his retainers. Earl Cospatrick's repairs consisted of a tower in one of the angles of the building, and numerous small turrets on its top. He also planted the fine old trees round it in the ancient style of rows and avenues.

"To lovers of fine scenery, the view from the leads of Caledonia Castle will prove in the highest degree enchanting.

"On the North the mighty Grampians tower aloft in imposing grandeur, from whose deep ravines and lonely dells issue forth four rivers, all of which wind like silver threads through the beautiful vale of Caledonia, branching off in different directions to sparkle and foam amidst the fairy scenery beyond. The Sidlaw hills bound the prospect on the South. On the North-east is the gigantic Calterthan, from whose summit, in feudal times, the dread beacon-light warned the terrified beholders to prepare for the coming enemy. On the West the eye can range as far as Stirling, while, towards the North, the mountain peaks of Athole are visible.

"Tradition asserts that one of our early Scottish kings was murdered there in the eleventh century. The room is shown in which he is said to have expired; the floor of which still retains *dark* traces of the horrid deed.

"Like many other old Scottish castles, Caledonia has its 'haunted chamber,' which remains carefully shut up. The secret of its existence, and the nature of the spectral visitant whose unbidden presence intrudes upon the silence of the night, are alone known to two or three individuals, members of the family, who are solemnly bound not to reveal their secret save to their successors. The knowledge that such a chamber does exist has excited the curiosity of many, and frequent searches have been made with a view to discover it, but in vain. The haunted room still remains concealed.

"Together with this mysterious apartment, there is supposed to be one, also hidden from mortal eye, which, if discovered, would disclose a scene of horrors far surpassing the wildest dreams of fiction.

"Alexander, Earl of Caledonia, who lived in the reign of James the Second, on account of his enormous beard, was familiarly known by the appellation of 'Earl Beardie': on account of his many misdeeds he was also styled the 'wicked laird.'

"The tradition respecting this 'awful room' in Castle Caledonia, is that Earl Beardie was one evening playing at cards with some companions as wicked as himself. Being the loser, he was warned to desist, when bursting forth into ungovernable wrath, he swore that he would play till the day of judgment. Scarce had the impious words escaped his lips, when a terrific peal of thunder crashed overhead, the devil appeared, and amid shrieks and yells of demoniac laughter, the room and its inmates instantly vanished.

"In the dark winter nights, when wild storms rage through

the leafless trees, and the northern lights quiver and stream athwart the sky, it is believed by many, that, mingling with the howling blast, may be heard the fierce oaths of the imprisoned gamesters as they pursue the terrible game they are doomed to play till the day of judgment.

"But it is confidently affirmed that Earl Beardie not unfrequently breaks forth from the secret chamber, and stalks through his ancient halls in the dead of night. Silent and solitary he pursues his way,

'Through his earthly home and place,  
But amidst another race.'

"'I was on a visit to Castle Caledonia,' writes Mrs. Vernon, 'together with my husband and son, who was then a boy about nine years of age. The bedroom assigned us was a spacious and beautiful apartment, with a small room adjoining in which Hugh was to sleep. With the exception of the door leading out of our chamber, there was none by which anyone could have entered or left his. In accordance with my usual custom when away from home, I lit a night-light and put it in his room, also one in ours, close to my side of the bed. I had slept, I know not how long, when I was awakened by a sound which struck me as being a very peculiar one. It was the rattling of dice, followed by the heavy blow of a man's hand on a table. Almost at the same instant I became aware that my taper had gone out. With the intention of relighting it, I sat up in bed and put out my hand to take the matches, when there came forth from behind the bed-curtains on the other side, a gigantic looking man. The moonbeams were shining brightly into the room, and I saw him distinctly. At first, in my confusion, I imagined that it was Mr. Vernon, until I realised that he was beside me and fast asleep. Then a strange fear took possession of me; for the man had a long, flowing beard, and his face was that of a dead person—appalling in its ghastliness. I followed his movements with a kind of fascination, and these movements were in the direction of my son's room. Was my boy asleep—would the fearful thing do him any harm—the thought was agony. As the gigantic being disappeared through the doorway, I darted after him; and as I ran, I heard Hugh's voice call out—"Oh, mama! mama! there's a great, big man in my room!" With a scream of horror I staggered in, and the next instant my dear boy was trembling in my arms—thank God! alive and unharmed. And the figure was gone! Afterwards I remarked that *both* our night-lights, although not more than half burned, had gone out. The next morning my maid told me that hers had gone



out in the same mysterious manner; and at the breakfast-table, several of the guests related similar experiences.'

"Mrs. Gordon said, that while staying at Castle Caledonia, she had a most singular dream. She dreamed that her room door opened, and there entered a housemaid, who made straight for the fireplace. That on her reaching it, it fell crumbling into ruins; and forth from these there stepped an enormous man, with a long, flowing beard, who shook himself, and said—'Well, it is something to get out of that room after having been shut up in it for so many hundred years!' Mrs. Gordon had forgotten how many, but she mentioned her dream to someone of the family, and the remark was—'That is exactly the number of years that the mysterious room is supposed to have been shut up.'

"The following was communicated to me by Dr. ——:

"Four years ago I paid a visit at Castle Caledonia. The day of my arrival was made remarkable by the following extraordinary occurrence. Having dressed for dinner, I was standing at the window looking out on the park, when my door opened after a rather violent fashion. I turned round and saw a man in morning dress beckoning on me.

"'You are wanted; Miss Seymour has been taken very ill.'

"In the parlour to which I followed him, I found a lady lying in an arm chair apparently in a dead faint. I instantly adopted the usual remedies, and she was rapidly recovering her consciousness when the stranger gentleman exclaimed, with a sneer, 'Is that the way in which you doctors treat your patients? I will show you how I serve them;' and before I could prevent him he had stabbed her in the breast with a dagger, then both vanished! My feelings at this moment can be better imagined than described. At first I was transfixed with horror; then I rubbed my eyes to see whether I were awake, or merely the sport of a hideous dream; but no, I was wide awake and *alone*—then what had become of the others? I examined the chair and the floor; no traces of blood were visible; nothing anywhere to indicate that so fearful a tragedy had been committed—nothing to explain the mysterious occurrence of which I had been the sole witness.

"Lost in a maze of conjecture, I descended to the drawing-room, and taking up my position in a window-recess, I eagerly scanned each fresh arrival, wondering if Miss Seymour and her friend would be amongst the guests. While thus occupied, I was joined by the Hon. Cospatrick Glen Albyn. Simultaneously with his approach the thought struck me, I shall inquire after Miss Seymour, and thus discover whether one of that name is in the castle.

"'I hope Miss Seymour has recovered from her indisposition,' I said.

"'Indisposition! why, she is not ill!'

"'I fear she is.'

"'O, no; I assure you; she is quite well, and will be here presently.' A few minutes after she entered I took her down to dinner. I perfectly recognised her, but her reception of me was that of an entire stranger. Neither by word nor look did she evince the slightest consciousness of our having met under such peculiar circumstances, or that a trick had been played upon me. Her conversation throughout the evening was perfectly free and unembarrassed. What struck me as being very singular, was, that I saw nothing of the stern looking man who had conducted me to her, nor did I during the remainder of my stay.

"Two years afterwards I was at a ball at Gloucester, and, to my great surprise, while making my way through the crowd, I found myself face to face with Miss Seymour. Obeying an uncontrollable impulse, I held out my hand and addressed her as such.

"'Mrs. —,' she said with a smile: 'see, there is my husband!'

"The man she pointed to was the one I had seen with her at Castle Caledonia.

"'Then he *was* with you at Castle Caledonia!' I stammered.

"She looked surprised at my visible agitation, and replied in the negative. He never had been there. This extraordinary coincidence made me shiver. What could it portend? A terrible end, I fear, for the poor young wife."

"Letter from Mrs. C—:

"'You are desirous, you tell me, to have an account of my experience at Castle Caledonia. Delighted to oblige you. I and my little girl went thither in the autumn of 18—. We occupied the same room—E. having a cot placed for her at the side of my bed, which was modern and of small dimensions. The castle was filled with guests, and it was late before I got upstairs. My darling was wide awake: too much excited to sleep, I suppose. Before lying down I chatted a little with her. Suddenly, to my surprise, she sat up in her cot, and stared past me with a startled expression on her sweet baby face.

"'What are you gazing at E.?' I said, wondering at her strange looks.

"'O, mama!' she cried, 'there's a big man standing at the other side of the bed, and he's stooping towards you!'

"'I turned my head as she spoke, and—Oh! horror!—there stood a tall man, in full Highland dress, shadowed in the gloom.

As E. said, he was bending his head towards me—the fearful eyes glared into mine; the long beard swept across my face. Happily, then I became unconscious, and remember no more.

“The next day E. and I bade adieu to Castle Caledonia.”

“Have you quite finished?” said Guy, as Staunton put aside his MS.

The latter nodded.

“Then I know a story told in connection with Castle Caledonia, which you may think worthy of being added to your paper.”

“Indeed; do let me hear it.”

“Here it is,” said Guy.

“The worthy clergyman of a neighbouring town was desirous to have a new Church for himself. For the carrying out of his scheme, funds of course were requisite; and in order to raise these, the reverend gentleman not only begged of his friends and acquaintances, but furnished them with collecting cards accompanied with earnest entreaties that they would get them filled up, and thus aid him in his pious work. Honoured with an invitation from Lord Caledonia to spend a few days at his princely residence, Mr. —, when he went did not forget to provide himself with some cards, hoping in the course of his visit to enlist the sympathies of the noble family of Glen Albyn and their guests in his enterprise.

“When told of the haunted room in the Castle, Mr. — expressed the hope that he might be allowed to sleep in it.

“‘Then you are not afraid of seeing the ghost,’ said Lord Caledonia.

“‘I don’t believe in ghosts, my lord.’

“Agreeably with his wish, Mr. — was given the mysterious chamber. While busy writing at the table, towards the witching hour of midnight, the ghost appeared. In no way daunted by the apparition, Mr. — bowed with grave politeness, and handed him one of his collecting cards, whereupon the spectre looked at it, frowned, and instantly vanished.”

“Of course this is intended for a joke,” said Staunton, who had been staring at Guy with eyes as large and round as the O of Giotto.

“It points a moral,” said the latter, with a humorous twinkle in his handsome ones.

“Indeed!” said the other stiffly.

“Yes; that ghosts don’t like to be asked for money any more than living people.”

Shouts of laughter followed this contribution of Guy’s, and Weston said, that when invited to visit at reputed haunted houses, it would be an excellent plan to provide oneself with some collecting cards in order to frighten away the spirits.

"Delicious story that of yours, Staunton," said Danecourt, who had been lying in his chair with his eyes shut, and looking the picture of enjoyment; "Ah, yes! ghosts such as you and Darrell describe, *do* reflect dignity on an ancient family. Just fancy, a castle nine hundred years old, and a ghost! No modern house ever can or ought to possess one."

"I entirely agree with you, Danecourt," I said, "as to the great interest that attaches itself to old country houses and their ancestral shades; yet, one must admit that stories told in connection with those antiquated spectres who confine themselves to our castles, halls, and moated granges run a far greater risk of being discredited than those which describe hauntings such as have taken place in modern houses."

"What nonsense!" said Danecourt, with a half offended air.

"By no means. Relate a ghost story about some one of our ancient English, Irish, or Scotch castles, and a dozen explanations will be furnished you at its close. Should the hauntings take the form of strange noises—

"'It was the owls!' says one.

"'Jack-daws,' suggests another.

"'Rats and mice,' chimes in a third.

"'The wind in the chimneys or in the passages.'

"'Always noises in old castles.'

"If a figure is seen—

"'You imagined it.'

"'You heard the family tradition, and dreamed it.'

"'It was the reflection of a candle then being carried along the gallery, and which cast a shadow on the wall of your room.'

"'A trick played to frighten you by one of the youngsters who came to your chamber by means of a secret passage,—in short, anything rather than what it was.

"But tell your audience of a ghost seen or heard in a perfectly new house lacking traditions, and all the *et ceteras* commonly associated with ghosts, and they will at once perceive that the usual trite observations don't meet the case; and they will be surprised into saying that such experiences are *very singular, and cannot be accounted for*. Now, the story I am going to tell you, and which I can vouch for, referring as it does to a perfectly new, common-place seaside villa, should convince the most sceptical amongst us, that however inexplicable it may appear to them—however opposed to the dictates of reason, or the dogmas of science, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS REGARDING THE MYSTICAL DEATH  
IN MEDIUMISTIC PERSONS.

BY MRS. A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

## PART V.

## THE FIERY TRIAL OF ISABELLA E.

WE will now present a touching example of the phenomena attendant upon mediumistic development. It is a case which to the full illustrates the conditions adverted to in the introductory article, where reference is made to the "Medium" passing through his fearful ordeals—his "baptisms of fire and of water"—his anguish of soul and bitter tears. We have there said that, like the insane, "he recognises scenes and personages invisible to those around him; he is intromitted into a condition in which time and space become more or less annihilated; he is groping impotently after a new order of ideas which overwhelm him like a cloud—like a very tempest of clouds; he strains eagerly but abortively after glimpses of vast unknown worlds of mingled beauty and terror, revealed fitfully through the partial opening of still very imperfectly developed senses. Nothing is as it was, nor is it yet as it shall be. The terrors of an impending, or even of an actually occurring judgment are upon him. In short, his mental and spiritual organism is stimulated in every direction, in order to cast off from itself its old effete condition—stimulated by the scathing flames of the Divine Love, which, meeting impurity, by its own inherent nature, becomes a 'consuming fire,' the soul is cast into the 'fiery lake,' in order that it may emerge a being new, to all intents and purposes."

A few preparatory remarks may, perhaps, be permitted the writer, in order properly to introduce

## ISABELLA E. AND HER SPIRITUAL ORDEAL.

In 186— I had received letters connected with the development of mediumship from a correspondent personally unknown to me. One thing was evident in all the letters—that the writer of them was a woman of a very original and independent mind, who was a seeker after Truth with the whole vigour of a powerful intellect. Also, I learnt that my correspondent was of a proud and solitary nature. The letters were dated from a farm-house in the south of England.

Early in the summer of 1866, visiting a friend who resided within an approachable distance of my correspondent—whom I will call Isabella—I determined to seek her out; and this without previous announcement.

From the nearest station on the railway, the only means for me to reach the farm—which we will call the Holt—was for a farmer's boy to drive me thither, in a very lofty "gig" of an old-world build. It was a joy-inspiring morning;—a very "bridal of the earth and sky." The air filled with fragrance of lilacs and late hawthorns, and with the carolling of birds. The scenery beautiful with the pastoral loveliness of England, uncontaminated by smoke and manufactures, where primitive looking old farm-houses stood embosomed in orchards, and here and there an old water-mill, with its mossy big wheel, was hidden deep in some dell. At length I neared the farm, and finding it safer to proceed on foot down the rough lane that led to it, than mounted aloft on the high "gig," I walked amidst the myriad starry blossoms of the oxeye-daisy, which covered with its luxuriant growth, and all but concealed, the deep tracks of wagon wheels.

Grey and red farm buildings, ample, but desolate, rose amidst the young foliage of trees, straight before me—and now my hand was upon the gate of the farmyard. A modern farmhouse stood in its midst, bare and prosaic looking; unadorned with moss or creeping ivy, or even a porch. A single ash tree, not as yet in full leaf, grew in its front—and in this tree I recognised an object referred to by my correspondent as symbolising her own life. She called it her "*Ygdrasil*," or "Tree of Life," with the serpent, "*Nidhogg*" gnawing at its roots. The unexpected stranger was admitted into a small drawing-room, where the eye at once rested upon tall book-cases, well filled with many volumes of many kinds. On entering I believed myself alone, for the room was somewhat dark; but softly there arose out of the gloom a figure itself like an embodied shadow—the figure of a woman of some thirty or more years of age. She was attired in black. Her hair was black, streaked with grey, and fell in a mass of shadow upon her shoulders. Her face was pale, with a low but strongly developed and broad brow: very sorrowful dark eyes, and a stern, almost fierce expression in the mouth as she looked at the stranger. Hearing, however, the name of her visitor, there flashed into her face the sudden light of welcome and agreeable surprise. Hers was a countenance which by turns was as of the midnight or of noonday. With her were no twilights or intermediate states. Her mental being, indeed, as gradually I discovered, had much kinship with the tropical zone.

The house was damp and gloomy. In winter and rainy seasons floods came up and covered the low-lying lands surrounding the house and farm-yard. Without-doors all was sunshine and and brightness, within all was shadow and chill. Upon Isabella,



with her sensitive temperament, this damp situation must have acted injuriously, affecting her both physically and mentally. The effects of atmospheric change, the influence for good or for evil of winds, waters, and character of soil upon "sensitives," is a question of important study for the spiritualist physician of the future.\* Isabella notifying that she suffered from the damp situation, led her visitor at once into another apartment where burnt a cheerful fire. Here, in the window, stood Isabella's sewing-machine; in reference to which I learned that by its means she made all her clothing, thereby saving from her very modest expenditure for dress, money wherewith to purchase books. Books were her sole luxury—were to her as personal friends and acquaintances.

At the time we met, Plato, Spinoza, John Stuart Mill, and Swedenborg—whom she was just beginning to read—were her favourite authors. But she had read immensely, books of many descriptions—books of science, history, theology, poetry. She had a retentive memory, and was full of illustrative quotation in her conversation. She was a fervent "Woman's Rights" woman, an extreme Liberal in politics, and, having come forth from a sect of religionists of somewhat narrow creed, her religious views had enlarged their horizon in all doctrinal matters very exceedingly. Her experiences in the phenomena of Spiritualism—at first induced through solitary investigation of a subject then beginning to excite a certain curiosity in the newspapers—quickly passed through the usual routine—"raps," automatic writing, messages from "the spirits" of departed relatives, then clair-audience, then spirit-seeing—and at the period of my visit, for some months, the flood-gates having been opened to the ocean of disembodied existences, her visitors were "legion," and of every imaginable description.

Her nature bore the impress of rebellion against established law. Orthodoxy of belief was to her utter bondage. Gradually, as her spiritual trials deepened, the strength—and it may even be termed obstinate firmness—of her nature in these directions manifested themselves more and more. She was

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\* It is mentioned by Southey in his life of Cowper, that Cowper's attacks of periodical mental depression appeared to recur in connection with the prevalence of the east wind. He was peculiarly susceptible to every atmospheric change. A distinguished French physician was heard by the writer to observe that whenever the wind in Algiers blew from the desert, he expected to hear of some act of suicide, or some mental attack occurring amongst the soldiers acting as sentinels on the side of the fortress exposed to this wind. Many other illustrations might be given, if space permitted, of the influence of "spirits of the air," etc.

accustomed to sign herself as "The Free Maiden of Israel," a spiritual name which she said had been inspirationally given to her. In this name, possibly, lay the symbolic key, both for herself and others, to the comprehension of her then spiritual condition, and to the place of spiritual development at which she had arrived. It will be remembered that these spirit-given names change as the conditions change of those who bear them. This name she regarded as typical of her antagonism to those to whom was given the name of "The Bride," or "Followers of the Bride," or of those who belonged to the "Church of the Bride." To her these were persons bound in the slavery of ages of old religious faith. To preserve the integrity of the human will; not even blindly to yield up "in faith" the human will to the Creator himself, was, or gradually became her ideal of nobility of soul. Fearless she was—terrible in her fearlessness: a sort of type and prophecy it might be of the spirit of the coming age. She believed that Jacob-like the human soul must wrestle with the Spirit of its Creator, in order to grow in true strength and true knowledge. Her soul did wrestle through the night season with an ever-increasing intensity, like a second Jacob with the Angel—her angel being one of terror, of judgment, of trial, of dismay. For her on this side the grave "the day did not break," nor the angel in departing leave his "blessing" upon her.

Here is her first,—

#### VISION OF ANGELS.

"I woke early this morning under powerful magnetic influence, and after I awoke successive waves of magnetic fluid seemed to penetrate to the centre of my brain, and to extend thence over my whole body. I felt very much as if I were dying, and was deprived of voluntary power, but my consciousness was clear, and I was engaged in animated conversation with angels by the inner voice. Suddenly their voices became externally audible. I remarked that they were so, but the voice of the spirit of my mother replied,—'*Yes, but there is one note wanting, the upper doh.*'" I had observed that the sounds were broken, but my musical perceptions being poor, I did not know what the missing note was. After a little while the missing tone came. I heard their voices clear, musical, bird-like, beyond any thing I can describe. Those who talked with me were behind my head, a little to the left. They moved forward, and I distinctly saw them, my mother and four others, none of whom I recognised. They moved round the bed (raised), some distance above the floor. I observed that one of them passed through the bed-post. Having reached the right hand side, they stood there and conversed with me. They were beautiful beyond any thing I could conceive. My mother's face had certainly a resemblance to her natural countenance. They were of less stature, I think, than the average of mortals, and their

forms had a roundness and symmetry I can convey no impression of. The beauty of their hands and arms particularly struck me, and the beauty of their complexions would have driven a painter wild. They were not conventional angels at all, but angels, women, and fairies, all in one. Having talked with me some time, my mother said, suddenly, that they must go. They went and left me in black darkness; as it was after daybreak, the darkness must have been in myself. My mother returned later, but was not visible. *She said they had left me so suddenly because I was almost dead*; that I had not seen their full beauty, because it became evident that if I did, I could not remain on earth, my sympathy with them was too strong.\* It was long before I recovered my outer sight, and, in the meantime, there was much interesting conversation. Much regarding the 'Woman's Word'† about to be revealed from heaven was told me, and much which I cannot reveal."

"ON THE MOUNT."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so much weakened, and my mind has been so much shaken, that it is difficult to write in any orderly manner. *The prediction of my own speedy departure (death)*, I do not now at all rely upon. I think that it was one of many things told me to see if I would receive it in faith. I must tell you of the later things, but I have little except my memory to depend upon, having been unable to keep a diary. My mind is still clear as to the events of the last four weeks, but there is much of the highest privilege and of the deepest suffering which must go wholly untold. Before I last wrote to you, I lived for several days openly on the Mount of God. I saw, when I would, objects of the earthly world, and when I would, those of the celestial kingdom. I must try and describe the place where I dwelt in those days. I was on the top of a high mountain in the heavens. I sat usually on a glistening pavement facing the south. Behind me was a pavilion of great beauty, built of gold and precious stones, while in the front, descending the

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\* For similar experience, see account of a vision of angels which was beheld by Elizabeth Squirrel, given in "Spiritual Magazine" for May, 1863; also "From Matter to Spirit," p. 303.

† Since the date of this letter, much on this subject has been given forth by T. L. Harris in America. The last wave of spiritual literature in England is especially devoted to this idea, *vide* two remarkable books just published—"The Morgenröthe," by the Rev. John Pulsford, and "The Perfect Way, and the Finding of Christ," 1882. Also a series of beautiful papers by the Countess of Caithness in "The Medium," December, 1881, and January, 1882. The "Woman's Word," otherwise manifestations of "the Divine Wisdom," the motherhood of God; an eternal truth accepted in the past by the esoteric of the early faiths, and again being revealed and universalised through various channels; *vide* also "Aurora," a volume of verse, Kegan Paul, 1875, etc., etc. It is the inner mystery of the devotion to the Virgin Mary in the Catholic Church. "The Divine Wisdom" of the Book of Wisdom of the Apocrypha is "The Divine Virgin."

brow of the mount, were vast beds of flowers. To the south, stretched an illimitable country of exceeding beauty. To the east the prospect was equally extensive, but less varied. North of me, and northwest of the pavilion, the mountain rose to its highest point, and thence descended in a sheer precipice of many thousand feet. Over this there was another boundless prospect of a level country, thickly studded with jeweled (?) towns. To the westward of where I sat the mountain rose also, and was wooded and beautiful, and when I went to the crest of it, I looked out upon the ocean; the descent on this side was by winding wooded paths, precipitous, but not difficult. The scenery here was the perfection of the picturesque. At the foot of the mountain was the sea-shore. I once went along it a great distance. There were yellow sands, foam-crested waves, beautiful wooded islands with pavilions on the romantic cliffs, caves and woods. . . . Whilst I dwelt on 'the mount of God,' few came to talk with me, nor did these visitors stop long—save two who sat with me on the shining pavement. They sat at my left hand. . . . One day when I was much afflicted, Mahomet came to me to comfort me. In replying to him, I spontaneously called him 'Brother Mahomet.' He appeared deeply affected. He said I was the first Christian on earth who called him 'brother.' With Mahomet always came a beautiful female spirit, a Parsee, whom I called Theodora. They were inseparable, and I always see the angels in pairs. . . . Soon after this I was aware of an awful presence at my left hand, whose right hand was placed upon my head. I inquired who was this, and was told Abraham stood beside me, and that his right hand rested upon my head, his left upon that of Mahomet. Our great forefather then blessed us, me as a daughter of Isaac, Mahomet as a son of Ishmael, and he said that now should the promise of God to Ishmael be fulfilled, that he also should be a people, and that he and Isaac should dwell together, and should worship one God. The day following I saw that Mahomet and Theodora were clothed in fresh robes. They were of a lustrous white, and were embroidered all over with holy texts in gold. They were clothed with the Word of God. So these two sat with me on the mount of God. Sometimes we conversed, but oftener they were lost in reveries, and when I spoke to them they said that they saw visions, and that the Word of God \* was sinking into them. The poetry of ages was compressed into a day

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\* For interesting information regarding the spiritual meaning of the expression, "Word of God," see last chapter in "From Matter to Spirit." We there read that the expression, "Word of God, meant, originally, *the holy influence by which our Heavenly Father has, in all times, acted on the spirits of his children for their instruction and guidance.* Plato, who seems to have risen to a spiritual knowledge beyond all except the early prophets of Judea, called the Word the *Logos*, and taught that by it the world was created. . . . We must remember that the Hebrew *debar*, and its Greek synonym, *Logos*, comprehended every degree of efflux from the source of life, whether it result in the formation of a world, in a prophetic dream, or healing miracle." Also, that this idea "was not confined to the Platonic philosophy, but is found in all eastern nations."

or two of earthly time, whilst I dwelt on the mount of God.\* It was at this time that I saw Michael the Archangel. What I saw of him was the grandest of all poems, and must be part of the 'Woman's Word.' I have been very ill—nothing was left of me but a spark of life. In the fulness of God I am free."

## FIERY ORDEAL.

"I was deeply chastened in spirit and forwarned by an awful voice that all my confidence in all that had been revealed to me would be utterly shaken. I was told many things at the time regarding myself which seemed improbable, but which have been literally fulfilled. After this I lay awake the whole night, and the same voice talked with me, revealing lofty mysteries of Providence. These I regret to say I have wholly lost, for the great sufferings which followed immediately after obliterated them from my memory.

"I fell gradually into a state of utter childishness.† I was as ignorant as a child is, unconscious of evil. Then I lost consciousness, for how long I cannot say. I was roused by a voice which I well knew, saying, 'Now, one effort for the natural life, or you are lost.' I sprang out of bed, but was utterly weak and had to lie down again. Then came a strange process, all my phrenological faculties were called over, and I was required to give some account of each. It seemed as if they were being put back again after having been taken away from me.‡ I think that in this trance both my will and

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\* Elevated—or in otherwise *very interior condition of the spirit*, thus designated in all experience of the life-mystical. The "Mount Meru" of India, the Olympus of the Greeks, etc., etc., and various examples from the books of the Old and New Testaments, will suggest themselves to the mind of the reader. To go inwards, in things spiritual, is, correspondentially, to *ascend*.

† This condition of utter "childishness" is one well-known to "mystic" and "mediumistic persons." In the "Life of Madame Guion" are repeated references to it. Here is one—

"Cette maladie fut un moi en pour couvrir les grands misteres que Dieu voulait operer en moi. Jamais maladie ne fut plus extraordinaire, ni plus longue dans son excès. Je fus reduit à un état de petit enfant; mais état qui ne paroissait qu' à ceux qui en étaient capables: car pour les autres, je paroissais dans une situation ordinaire. Je fus mise dans la dépendance de Jesus Christ Enfant, qui voulait bien se communiquer à moi dans son état d'Enfance, et que je le portasse tel. Le Jour de Noël mon Enfance devint plus grande."—*Vie de Madame Guion*, II. Partie, Chap. XII.

‡ A friend, who has passed through the phenomena of the "Mystical Death," and who has, through the Divine Mercy, attained thereby to fuller health of mind and body than heretofore, and to far deeper perceptions of the spiritual truths of Christianity than could otherwise possibly have been the case, tells me that at two separate seasons she was aware of a similar experience to the above. Her hand was guided to draw (she was a drawing-medium) a careful sketch of the convolutions of her own brain, and as each portion was sketched a special spiritual

my judgment were weakened, and that I was not myself again for a long time. After this the day passed in great mental suffering and ignominy. The night was passed as the previous one, in wakefulness, the same solemn voice communing with me, and in the morning came a horror of which I cannot speak. After I had remained in it sometime, I felt myself carried away to another place, and there it was told me '*that I had been in hell.*' After I had revived a little I was carried back again. This time I did not sink utterly, but was struck dumb, and I remember a voice asking whether I now believed that John the Baptist's father was struck dumb. The voice which talked with me all night questioned me, but my tongue was paralysed. I could only bow my head in reply. I strove hard to speak, and after a time succeeded, but all that I could utter at first were merely words, but without any connection. I strove on with inner prayerfulness, and at last I uttered the word 'Father.' This was a great triumph, and it was not now long before, with continual strivings, I uttered a prayer, 'Strengthen me with thy love, O God, my Father, for in thy love alone have I any peace.' This prayer once achieved, I kept repeating it, slowly, but constantly. Sometimes I faltered from the confusion of evil around me—and then recovered and prayed again. But I was carried about from place to place by angels, and sometimes had a few moments' respite, as they bore me along, and then the evil pressing around me, I was obliged to resort to my weapon again, 'All-prayer.' And this brings me back to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and how Christian's sword flew out of his hand, and then said Apollyon, 'I am sure of thee now!' I remember how as a child when I first read that passage I shut up the book at that place and ran away, my heart broken with terror. I had little thought in later years that I should ever come to this pass. I had lived in ignorance of spiritual temptations. My angels had told me that this was through my great strength of will; *now* my will was broken, I could no longer fly from evil—I could only pray to be delivered from it.

"As I was borne from place to place I felt the character of the evil around me change, so that I needed to change my prayers, praying sometimes for purity, sometimes for humility, then again for confidence, but *always for peace* and for deliverance from the place wherein I then was. At last, as I prayed, 'Strengthen me with thy love, O God, my Father, for in thy love alone are confidence and peace,' I felt myself lifted up very high, and my heart was exalted,

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influence, like soft rain, seemed to fall upon her brain and gently to penetrate through the skull. At another time, much later, she suddenly, waking in the night, was aware of a strong spiritual presence. She felt as if the whole of her spiritual brain were being taken to pieces, were being examined, cleaned—put into order and then carefully replaced, "as if," to use her own words, "a watch-maker were examining and cleaning a watch." During the experience, no power of thought remained—yet was there a consciousness and even, as it were, a curiosity, on her part as to the process going on.



and an angel said to me, 'Where are you now? You are on the mount of God.' But I saw it not, nor have I seen it since. I hoped to find rest, but again I was carried hither and thither, for me there was no repose. I cried bitterly and earnestly that the sight of the spiritual world might be shut out from my gaze—that I might only return again to the natural life. Now I entered a region where I spoke of pity and prayer. I felt inclined to sleep; but a voice warned me against sleep, and I saw presented before my eyes the face of a woman awful in her age of centuries upon centuries, and full of sorrows as of years. The voice said to me that this woman was Eve, who always slumbered under inspiration.' As I thus lay fixed in a trance, having my eyes open, there came upon the wall a bright light, which illumined it, and the voice said, '*You have looked upon the celestial light and lived.*' After this light came a powerful aroma different from the spirit perfumes I had known, and the voice said, '*You have breathed the aroma of the Spirit and lived.*'

"I was then told that I was the second Eve. After this I saw visions on the wall. It was shown as shadow upon the celestial light. It was a group in bronze which was exhibited in 1851 in the Great Exhibition by von Kiss of Berlin—'The Amazon,' and which has since been destroyed by fire.\* This was shown me as a type of myself. What it meant I knew not then. . . . It was now put to me whether I would withdraw, while it was yet time, from this trial, since I was very likely to perish in it, but I refused, saying that if they killed me God would raise me up."

In due course "the Voices" tell her that she is

"THE BRIDE."†

"I have been very much puzzled at what has been told me, that I was 'The Bride,' and when you tell me that—and—and—have also been told that *they* were 'The Bride,' the puzzle becomes all the greater. I never have been able to believe that this phrase, 'The Bride,' was a mere symbol. I accepted this reluctantly—I am destitute of veneration. The title I have accepted is 'The Free Maiden of Israel,' etc.

And now come the

#### LAST JUDGMENTS.

"This series of suffering—and it was long and terrible, ended in

\* A prophetic vision probably of her own later "baptism of fire," in which, to human eyes, she seemed to perish utterly; but those who have tasted of God's infinite mercy will believe with her "that He would raise her up" *ultimately*, since with Him "are all things possible."

† This belief, under some form or other of a peculiar "mission" or "grace," or "messengership" of the Spirit, is so universal that it requires to be rightly interpreted. It demands careful investigation and consideration on the part of Psychologists. We propose to return to this subject at some future time. "The Coming Man," a novel by the Rev. James Smith (author of the "Divine Drama"), Strahan & Co., 1873, deals with this subject in a philosophical manner from the spiritual standpoint.

my giving myself up wholly into the hands of God, as to my life, to do with me according to His will—and I do not see that resignation could have gone much farther. The second series began not long after, and I felt as if the terrible voices would pull me to pieces. I was then thrown into many states in which I could perceive the naturalness of almost every form of religious belief of which I had ever heard. This began with Greek-hero worship and ended with a Brahmin worshipping himself with his head bowed towards his stomach. I declared that nothing should induce me to worship under a threat. *You will say I should have prayed.* I can only say I prayed too much, *in submission.* Every submission increased my suffering. I have come at last to steady self-assertion and self-defence. I have learned that great self-assertion is the first duty of man—yes, even against the love of God. I feel all happiness, on earth and in heaven is destroyed by this revelation of the cruelty of God.

“I have been judged by all sorts of people (spirits), by all phases of religious opinions, by all phases of mind, by the learned man, the logician, the poet, the painter. I have made short work with them all. I have discovered what brought all these people to me. Had I in the first instance submitted to the judgments of the Archangel Michael, *I should have been free to pass on,* but a voice in the heart of all these people sent them to me, as I would not submit without reservation to the judgment of the Archangel.

“My great struggle is to maintain my own nature in its entirety. What a struggle I have had no tongue can tell!”

From all points of view the tragedy of Isabella’s “Mystical Death” is one which it behoves the thoughtful Spiritualist to study with a deep compassion. We are told that by “the stripes” of our Lord “we are healed.” Regarding all sufferers in the spirit as forming part and portion of the mystical body of the Universal-Saviour-Spirit, who, through sufferings infinite, saves each one of us, *in a certain sense*, such scourging of souls does help to heal our own sicknesses of spirit; if thereby we learn the deep and notably important lessons which probably such agony is intended to impress upon us.

Isabella was a complete child of the spirit of the nineteenth century, full of intellect; without reverence for sacred things, having cast aside all outer religious aids or supports; insatiable after knowledge; powerful of will, firm as iron and bold as a lion. Her very mental organisation was her fatality. She says repeatedly that in her head “the organs of Firmness and of Self-Esteem overshadowed the organ of Veneration.” Also, she says, “Conscientiousness” was largely developed—Conscientiousness without much Veneration, whither does it lead? Does it not naturally fall into firm alliance, in such an organisation, with Self-Esteem and Firmness—a terrible Trinity to rule

the being? Causality and Ideality would appear to have been somewhat in abeyance to Individuality and Eventuality. Thus Literalism, in contradistinction to Spirituality, would be the tendency of the mind. Pride of Intellect, dominant in the selfhood, antagonism must inevitably commence to all those operations of the Spirit, the end and aim of which is—cost what it may—to undermine the *natural* desires of the Human Will and lead finally “Captivity captive!”

Evidently the idea had not even faintly dawned within her, that the end and aim of this succession of spiritual trials, of these fiery burnings, was to completely soften the will and enable her to yield up this very “nature”—which in fact she was destroying herself to maintain. How could the *new nature be revealed* until the enveloping “coat of skins” of the *old nature was removed*? In this consist the agonies and searching trials of the *Mystical Death*—in other words, of “the New Birth.” Even of *accomplished Regeneration* it was said by the great preacher Tauler, one who himself had drained the bitter-sweet wine of the cup of Regeneration, “Know that *mortification is imperfect death, and that vivification and regeneration are imperfect resurrection*,”—intimating that the process is indeed a long one, and a searching, since casting off of old natures must continue until perfected union in harmony with the Lord of Perfection be finally completed in the heavens. Assuredly this fire “of bondage,” as a poet has told us, “brings release.”

“It transforms the spirit it cannot kill,  
It burns, yet for blessing and not for ban,  
Only that which already is dead in man.  
*Once relinquish the mortified self—man will see  
He has passed through the fire unscathed, and is free!*”

Thus, as in the world of spirit, like attracts like, violence attracted violence, blindness attracted blindness, bitterness more bitterness; all things within her sphere of being were dragged ever faster and deeper into the disharmony of chaos; and torn asunder by conflicting powers the soul sank in its struggles ever lower and lower, weighted by its ceaseless and ever-increasing convulsions and torments. The end was death—death, it was feared, by her own suicidal act!

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Tied up with the bundle of Isabella's letters, from which I have extracted these affecting pictures of her soul's tragedy, I found a letter, written shortly before her end, by a wise man,

a kind and experienced "leader of souls." He had read, evidently with much interest, letters and writings of Isabella, and with his words in reference to her we will close this article.

"I fear she would regard as a tormentor an angel from heaven who came to instruct her. But is not the Lord of all Himself wooing her to Himself, with a wisdom we cannot yet understand, and that through a 'fiery baptism' that not many accounted 'perfect' could bear! Would that, when under the power of her tormentors, she could realise Swedenborg's experience as narrated in his diary under the Heading

" 'What it is to be Nothing.' "

"November 25th, 1748.—4067. It was perceived that when the most deceitful spirits above the head spake among themselves wishing even to destroy me, they said *they could not do it, because there was nothing of me to be found*; but if there had been anything they could have done it. It was then perceived and so represented, *that for one to be anything, so as to have a self-hood, was to present something which they could assault and destroy, as the most deceitful would then have it in their power.* But when it was represented that I was, as it were, *nothing*, then they seemed to themselves to have no power over that which appeared as nothing, for they would have nothing to assault. Thus he is safe who in true faith believes himself *nothing*.' Well would it be for our tormented friend could she perceive this! As yet, alas! her desire is to be a 'something,' Truly she is an angel with broken wings! needing Christ the Healer!"

### EVENINGS AT HOME IN SPIRITUAL SEANCE.\*

MISS HOUGHTON has done a good service to the cause of Modern Spiritualism by writing her minute and careful chronicle of experiences in connection with many phases of the phenomena since the year 1859. They embrace a wide area, Miss Houghton being herself an "inspirational" and "drawing-medium" of remarkable powers, and having come into contact during this period with numerous persons prominent in the movement—some of them already passed away from the scene of their useful labours. When the history of the spiritual movement in England comes to be written, these books by Miss Houghton—including the volume already noticed in this Review, March, 1882, relating to Spirit-Photography, will be found

\* *Evenings at Home in Spiritual Séance.* Prepared and welded together by a species of Autobiography. By Miss Houghton. First and Second Series. Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, First Series; E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane, Second Series.

a quarry of sterling and reliable material wherewith to help in the erection of a monument to the memory of a host of devoted men and women.

The tone of these volumes is essentially that of orthodox Christianity, and they ought, therefore, to command a wide circle of readers—inquirers into the truth of spirit-manifestations amongst the orthodox members of all our churches.

"My great aim has literally been to show what the Lord hath done for my soul," says Miss Houghton, "by granting to me the light now poured upon mankind, by the restored power of communion with the unseen, in yet fuller measure than had ever hitherto been granted. What I have striven to prove is, that Spiritualism is not come in place of Christianity; for where would have been the gain in casting off that great joy and happiness, only to receive a something else in *exchange*? What I maintain is, that it is bestowed as the crown to all previous knowledge. Our Lord came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil; still, giving it to be understood that a further fulfilment was to be expected (see Matthew v. 17, 18). This, then, is that next course of fulfilment, forming, as I am taught, the Third Dispensation, that of the Holy Spirit, in harmony with, and completion of, the two previous ones."

Miss Houghton tells us that her mediumship having extended over more than twenty-one years, she thinks that "the history of the quiet, steady way in which this mediumship was gained and pursued may be a help to those who are entering upon the important subject; and I have not scrupled," she adds, "to recount many of the deepest things in my life, so as absolutely to prove how great has been God's love, for I think that concealment might have been almost like treachery to Him to whom this new light has led me. David says, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray:' and I may say, before thy spirit was manifested unto me, I knew thee not. I do not mean that I was irreligious and unthinking, but I did not realise his continual and abiding presence as I do now; for not only do I recognise that his messengers are ever around me, but that he himself is closer than all, seeing all the difficulties in my path, and himself regulating the alleviations that may be vouchsafed."

It is in this strain of simple and earnest piety that the whole narrative is written. Even when recounting occurrences and recording communications from spiritual presences, hearing the most august names, it makes so sustained an impression from beginning to end of genuineness and sincerity, however incomprehensible much of the book must remain to the mere "outsider"—that it cannot fail, even to impress *him* favourably, and should this "outsider" be possessed of kindly feelings, must make him exclaim, "assuredly, this book is the outcome of a very truth-loving and guileless nature! What, then, can this strange thing verily be, this odd, outrageously pretentious 'Spiritualism'!"

It was in 1859 that Miss Houghton, through a cousin, first heard of spiritual beings communicating with mortals, and that there were

persons living in her neighbourhood who were able to receive messages from the spirit world. "It appeared far too glorious to be true," she thought, but wished to judge for herself. Miss Houghton, therefore, accompanied her cousin to the house of these wonderful people, who proved to be Mrs. Marshall and her niece, Mary Brodie, already married clandestinely to her cousin, Emanuel Marshall. Here Miss Houghton obtained through "raps" messages from a sister who had departed this life eight years previously, and what astonished her yet more, she says: "Later in the evening the planchette was brought forward, and on it were placed Mary Brodie's hand and my cousin's. I then asked her how many years it was since the first brother I had lost had passed to spirit-life; a 3 was written, and my cousin (who was thinking of another brother) said it was going to be 13. Instead of which another 3 was added, which was correct, for it was thirty-three years since I had lost my dear brother, Cecil-Angelo." The ice was now fairly broken, and the warmth of enthusiasm flowed into her investigations in a full stream.

Miss Houghton became friendly with Mrs. Marshall, and throughout the earlier portions of her books are scattered accounts of remarkable séances with her and her niece, and also here and there are given curious things connected with this pioneer "medium" which are specially valuable.

Here is what we learn of the

#### CHILDISH VISIONS OF OLD MRS. MARSHALL.

"She told us many of her early visions, for she had been favoured with them from her very childhood, when she used to sleep with her bible under her pillow, and would pray that she might be blessed, as little Samuel was. One thing she used often to see was a railway train, and the idea of carriages going without horses was such an utter impossibility to her, that she thought they were falsehoods being presented to her sight, and prayed to the Lord that those *wicked* visions might be taken away. She had, too, some that were beautifully symbolical; one was that of a lamb cut up into a number of small pieces, and the voice said—'You will think that you have Me, while you really accept but a small fragment, and lose the wholeness by your divisions.' This grand metaphor needs no comment."

#### MISS HOUGHTON BECOMES A "DRAWING MEDIUM."

Again the cousin was a bearer of good tidings! In 1861, Miss Houghton says, "My cousins came to tell us of a fresh wonder—Mrs. Wilkinson's beautiful drawing, executed through her hand by her son in spirit-life, a lad of about thirteen."\* Forthwith Miss Houghton,

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\* For detailed account of these very remarkable drawings of flowers and fruit by Mrs. W. M. Wilkinson (we believe the first of their peculiar order produced in England) see an account of them written by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, entitled "Spirit-Drawings: A Personal Narrative." Second Edition. Pitman, 1 Paternoster Row, 1864. We shall have occasion to enter more fully upon the subject of "Spirit-Art."



through the planchette, sought to obtain, if not drawing, at all events information regarding this new wonder ("Spirit-Art"), and found that her sister Zilla, who usually communicated with her, was unable to give her this form of manifestation. Not to be daunted by non-success, she persevered, until "two sheets of paper were covered with all sorts of curves, and it was marvellous to me how such intricacies could be produced with so awkward an instrument as the planchette." The spirit who professed to have done this gave his name as "Angelo, better known as Lenny," and promised to come on the morrow. Then commenced the drawing of flowers and fruits with coloured pencils, and ultimately in water colours. Explanations as to their symbolism were also given, and the whole progressed so rapidly that she tells us in October (her first experiment had been in July), "I had my first manifestation from those who have been designated to me as the High Spirits, meaning those who have passed from the spheres into heaven itself, among whom are the eighteen men of both the Old and New Testament. That first signature was 'Zacharias, the servant of God.' Within a few days I had those of John, the beloved disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, those three being my appointed guardians; and even now, although their work in that respect is carried on by higher influences, they come constantly to me, and have each their signal."

This, assuredly, is a rather strong food for the exoteric mind. But it is precisely this firm, unwavering faith in all her experiences, this faith as of a little child, that leads her so happily "into the Kingdom of Heaven"—the celestial state of peace, assurance in Divine Guidance, and entire trust. Her faith is assured, and this forms around her a wall, as it were, impervious to adverse influences, which breaking her spiritual sphere, would thereby have weakened her powers, and the power also of the influences acting upon her. From this very point of view, of *firm faith*, is this book peculiarly valuable to the student of Psychology.

Blake, the great spirit-seer and painter, was wont in his moments of inspired enthusiasm, not alone to say he saw face to face, and painted the portraits of, and conversed with the great ones of the sacred and un-sacred Past—but that at times *he was himself them*. "Now I am Moses, he would exclaim! Now I am David!" feeling, he averred, their very spirit flow through him, mingling with his own spirit, seeing through his eyes, hearing what went on in the world with his ears, giving ideas to his brain and power to his hand. Blake, to his generation of "outsiders," was simply regarded as an innocent, but very mad, madman. His few intimate friends, however, recognised that there was somehow a very extraordinary method in his madness, and hailed in him the advent of a great and new genius. The present generation of the outside world, now that he and his friends have passed away, have come to regard him and his works as a marvel of "inspiration;" his madness is even by them transmuted into genius—a genius of a most rare order.

Now all mad people, whether geniuses or not, and all spiritual "mediums" of every degree and every class—in short, all persons open to the spirit—equally recognise the *varied personality of spirits*. They see them, they hear them, they feel them; they receive writings, drawings, physical manifestations of their presence, and of late days we have assurances of their materialisation! All come in correspondential accord with the "medium," and his or her state of mental and emotional condition; all come in gradual sequence in the regular and orderly course of the mediumistic development—first, near relations, afterwards the great intellectual "lights" of the world (whether it be of sacred story, of the world of Literature and Art or Science, or at all events with the names of those who give the names of such); *lastly*, Angels and Archangels—or those who give the names of *attributes and principles*, which is pretty much the same as archangelic names—seeing that Gabriel, Raphael, Michael are all Hebrew names expressive of *qualities of the Divine Nature*.<sup>\*</sup> This will be recognised by all persons acquainted with the subject to be the regular order of the development of these experiences. Many of us have lived through this experience, and many of us may still be living in it! It is now an experience of hundreds upon hundreds of individuals. It is an ascertained mighty fact. But have we really got at the *veritable meanings of the whole significance of this mighty fact*? That is just the question. For the student of Psychology there are passages in the *Arcana Cœlestia* of Swedenborg which give a possible key to a further unlocking of the mystery. He says, "*Three things of the Literal sense of the Word perish when the Spiritual sense is evolving, namely, Space, Time, and Person.*"<sup>†</sup> He is speaking alone of the Sacred Scriptures. But if we read for "Word" "*message from the world of spirit*," we obtain an idea which may chance to flash new light into our minds.

It is possible that this flash of light may tend greatly to the enlargement of our spiritual horizon, and also to give greater universality, harmony, proportion, and beauty to the world of truth within us. Indeed, *personality*, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh, may begin to appear simply but as the wearing of the *persona*, or *mask of spirit*; and *names* becoming spiritualised also to our perceptions, begin to appear rather as *symbolic of natures*! We may begin to believe that every spirit, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh, if of a beneficent, holy, and beautiful nature, is truly a messenger (or Angel) from on high (or *from within*), and truly might address us in the words of Shakespeare—

"I then did use the *person* of your Father,  
The image of his power lay then in me."

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<sup>\*</sup> For an illustration of these experiences of "Mediums," *vide* p. 370-71 in Mrs. De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

<sup>†</sup> "*Arcana Cœlestia*," Nos. 5253, 5287, and 5484; also "*Emanuel Swedenborg*," by William White, Second Edition, p. 433.

But to return to Miss Houghton. The spirit-drawing ever developing, together with the power of writing interpretations of her pictures—which, being of a specially mysterious character, needed such, even for the esoteric mind—the amateur artist gradually merged into the professional one. The name of “The Sacred Symbolist” was bestowed upon her, inspirationally, by a friend. Interest grew steadily with regard to manifestations of spirit power, and visitors began to call upon Miss Houghton to look at her unique drawings. In the year 1871, one of the greatest acts of her strong faith—one amidst the very many recorded in these volumes—manifested itself in her opening *An Exhibition of Spirit Drawings at the New Gallery, Old Bond Street*.

As it was said of this Exhibition in the Queen newspaper—“The water-colour drawings, numbering 155, are so extraordinary in character, and are so entirely opposed to one’s ideas of *Art*, ancient and modern, that criticism, in the ordinary manner, becomes difficult, not to say impossible.” Another newspaper critic well describes the character of these drawings, believed by their artist-medium to have been given by very exalted spirit-visitors, as for instance, the Archangels, the Apostles—St. Joseph—and many less exalted saints and spirits of the Sacred Past. To the exoteric world surely a severe trial of faith.

He says—“Lines drawn with a marvellous combination of freedom and precision, and in a great variety of colours, depart from ever-shifting foci, either within or without the boundaries of the drawing, with every variety of curve; they meet, and part, and intersect each other, incidentally yielding singular effects of linear, perspective, and colour-blendings or contrasts.” Again, “The whole of these drawings, from their feeble beginnings to their finished accomplishments, are entirely new in their nature and variety, newness being shown in many striking points. The most noticeable thing in these pictures is, that they are translucent, that is, diaphanous, quite unlike anything that is seen in this world. . . . Leaf is seen behind leaf, stem behind stem, flower behind flower.”

The titles of the pictures, as given by Miss Houghton, in her catalogue, were not the least remarkable portion of her exhibition—“The Eye of the Trinity,” “The Might and Majesty of God,” “The Omnipresence of the Lord,” “The Chosen Vessels of the Lord,” “The Hand of the Holy Ghost,” “Spiritual Crowns of Her Majesty the Queen, and H.R.H., the late Prince Consort,” etc., etc.

Miss Houghton usually attended at the Gallery in Old Bond Street, thus coming into contact with various interesting and singular visitors, anecdotes in connection with whom enliven her narrative. As may be supposed, an exhibition, so *unique* and unworldly, could not fail of being financially an unsuccess.

She thus, unaffectedly, writes of the financial failure of her great undertaking. No reader of her book can do less than heartily sympathise with her in her disappointments, especially when it is borne in mind that the outlay for this enterprise was entirely drawn from

her own very modest capital. Indeed, she says, "I have been a considerable loser. The larger proportion of my visitors have been those who knew scarcely anything of the subject; but, generally speaking, they have been deeply interested in the spiritual teaching embodied in the catalogue, so that I have ample reason to believe that in the vital purpose of the exhibition, the success has been far beyond what I could have hoped. There have also been many who have been so much struck by the harmonies of colour and novelties of manipulation, that they have come again and again to study the drawings, and learn some of the working details, the specialities of which have been best appreciated by artists."

As if ever to keep this lady's active mind in full tension of delightful enjoyment of spiritualistic investigation—for the unwearied enthusiasm displayed by Miss Houghton in her varied researches and labours is one of the pleasantest characteristics of her book—scarcely was her *Exhibition* closed in Old Bond Street, when news arrived from Boston of *Spirit-Photography*. Forthwith commenced the series of experiments in that direction made by herself, in conjunction with Mr. Hudson, the photographer, extending over a lengthened period, the note-worthy results of which form the theme of her volume—"Spirit-Photography," already referred to.

The greater portion of the two volumes at present under review, contain a minute record of a vast number of sésances which were held throughout one and twenty years by Miss Houghton, either in her own house, or at the house of her friends. Indeed, it is this circumstance that gives to the book its felicitous title, "*Evenings at Home in Spiritual Séance*." It may appear much like "*The Play of Hamlet, with Hamlet omitted*," to notice this book, and yet give no extract illustrative of these remarkably curious and interesting sésances. Our limits, however, preclude a lengthy extract, unless the account of a sésance, chronicled as Miss Houghton has chronicled them, with an amount of detail underlying and overlying each one, something in the fashion of the Prophet's scroll, "written within and without," were given; we should be doing injustice to her book, one of the characteristics of which is minute detail, and the piling up of evidence which she regards as collateral as well as direct. Suffice it therefore to say, that a very considerable amount of matter of interest is contained in the descriptions of these sésances. Much also, will be found, illustrative of the mediumship of the Marshalls—aunt and niece—of Mr. D. D. Home, of Mrs. Guppy Volckman, from the earliest commencement of her mediumship—a detailed account, by the way, is to be found at p. 97, Vol. II., of her much-talked of ærial-flight from the house at Highbury to a sésance in Lamb's Conduit Street, from notes taken at the time—also of Mrs. Emma Hardinge's, of Mrs. Hardy's, Mrs. Belling's mediumship, etc., etc.

Miss Houghton's warm sympathies have carried her amongst the social gatherings of the Spiritualists, and made her an active member in various spiritual societies; indeed, where Spiritualists have con-

gregated there has she usually been found, both conversing and listening. Thus having gathered together gleanings, she has brought forth for her reader "things" old and new.

Her sympathies are always quick, and her spirit benevolent; and her remarks usually the result of much observation, are set forth in clear and forcible language.

We will close our notice of her volumes with a paragraph peculiarly characteristic of these qualities. It concerns the sufferings of mediums in general, and

#### THE FIRST SEANCE IN ENGLAND OF THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

"Another suffering that comes upon professional mediums, which none could be expected to bear without full compensation, is that the atmosphere around them becomes tainted by the unwholesome spiritual elements which emanate from the worldly, the vicious, and the sceptical, who form the large bulk of their visitors, for even a pleasant outside aspect may conceal heart-blackness. Such visitors bring with them an almost demon-host, who rejoice afterwards to return without their human companions to weary and disturb at future séances: and then the unhappy medium does not know why there are no good manifestations"—(possibly, however, knows only too well)—"and then the circle may go away dissatisfied and disappointed, asserting that that medium was not to be depended upon, and even in that very case, it may be that the grumbler had a something in his own soul that was in affinity with the unclean interloper, and thus gave him more power to harm. The visitor may go away none the worse, but the medium remains all unstrung, and half-fearing lest such scenes may deprive him of the means of existence."

(Of the bitter truthfulness of this passage, only mediumistic persons, or those who have lived with, and anxiously watched "sensitives," can have a full comprehension. A medium is, as it were, a *magic mirror*, which not alone possesses a power to reflect upon its surface every object, invisible to the mere external eye, which is brought within its range, but equally *absorbs* for a time these objects, evil or beneficent, into every fibre of its substance, thus becoming bedimmed and distorted in itself, or enriched in brilliancy and power of illumination, as its surroundings may chance to have been, for evil or for good.)

"The very first time the Davenport Brothers came to England," continues Miss Houghton, "strangers in a foreign land, to do their work here, a séance—rather a large one, I believe—was arranged for the members of the press, by which they hoped to obtain good notices in all the papers; so that splendid manifestations were all-important. The boys duly went into their cabinet, and were bound. All was stillness and expectation—not darkness, mind, for the sitters were in light, the cabinet being only needed for the purpose of keeping the vibrations of light from the mediums, so that the aura may issue in steady flow. No sound, no rap, not the very slightest manifestation took place. After long and patient waiting, the disappointed

press (they had not paid anything) went away grumbling at the stupid two hours they had passed; but 'the boys,' the unhappy young men who thought their power had left them—what of them? Strangers and pilgrims! with nothing but their gift whereby to live! They were absolutely cowed, and in blank despair; for they had not even the means to take them home again. Then came to them the dear loved spirit-voice, whose first sound seemed to rouse their drooping souls, and John King explained that the invisibles had seen such a dense atmosphere of closed-up souls, that it would have been almost impossible to manifest at all, so they decided that to have *nothing* would be better than a very weak séance, an almost failure; and for the future they must learn that a circle must have some mixture of *re-*ceptive, as well as *per-*ceptive constituents. I believe their next séance was by invitation to some of our eminent Spiritualists, and was a complete success, although, I dare say, some little press alloy was admitted among the sterling gold."

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WE know that many who had no faith at all in the so-called *supernatural* of the Bible, and very little in a future existence, before witnessing the manifestations, have thereby been brought to believe in the reality of both, with a strength of conviction greater than that evinced by the generality of reputed orthodox Christians. Why should it be otherwise? Is it likely that one who is sure he has seen doors open and shut, heavy substances moved about, a human body upborne, without mortal contrivance or effort, will believe less that Jesus walked on the water, that an angel rolled away a great stone from the sepulchre, or that Peter was released from prison by a spirit? Because one who has seen brilliant lights and appearances of flame, caused, as he verily believes, by spirits, will he have less faith that the angel of God manifested himself to Moses in the burning bush? or that tongues of cloven flames sat on the Apostles, at the great spiritual manifestation at Pentecost? Shall one hear all manner of sounds, caused by spiritual agency, even to a thundering roar which shakes the whole house, and therefore grow more sceptical about the thunders of Sinai? or the "great noise as of a mighty rushing wind," and shaking of the place where the Apostles prayed? Shall one be convinced that spirits can actually write on paper, wood, and stone, with pens, pencils, etc., and therefore have less faith that a mighty angelic spirit inscribed the Decalogue on two tables of stone, and reached them forth out of a thick cloud to Moses? Will men, who are sure that they have conversed with the spirits of their departed friends for hours, therefore doubt whether Moses and Elias conversed with Jesus, at His transfiguration on the Mount? Anti-Bible scepticism does not thrive on such nourishment. Neither does irreligion and immorality gain strength by the almost uniform religious, moral, and reformatory communications made in connection with these manifestations.—THOMAS SHORTER.



## THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

## CHAPTER III.

## Jousts.

"OH, Max, consider!"

"Tut! I'm not a young lady. I'm one of Stonewall Jackson's men!" This was true. During the war of Secession in America, young Artus, at the early age of fifteen, had served under that noted commander.

"I opine," said the father, "that the medical advice of your professional attendant should have due weight and importance in your mind."

"Oh, daddy, it's the fun of the year. Half the *principi* in Rome will be lying on the soft grass, for there's a steeple-chase after the Polo. Besides that, Kingsbury, they say, is very good."

"Oh, never mind the nasty Polo," said Miss Harry.

Mr. Artus resumed his perusal of a newspaper, the *New York Herald*.

"The feminine mind," said the young man, "can never properly distinguish between two essentially different things, business and pleasure. I am not going there for pleasure merely. I am going on business."

"More horrible bets! Wicked boy, will you never reform? I'm sure you've had warning."

"The feminine mind again! Sweet are the uses of Perversity!"

"The feminine mind talks very good sense. You know, as well as I do, that you've just escaped being killed, and yet you plunge back again into all your old wildness and folly."

"My darling child, I have backed Captain Cordingly's side in the match. He is first rate! I indulged in this wildness and folly as you call it, at least two weeks before I was pinked. And this warning, as you also call it, does not in any way cancel my bets. If I were to join that convent we visited a few days ago, where the monks pass their lives in pleasantly contemplating the bones and skulls of their predecessors built up into grottoes, if Captain Cordingly's team lost, I should still have to pay my debts."

"Doctor, scold him!"

"Well, we must see how he is, when the match actually comes on. Great care is still necessary——"

"There, you see, we must watch what the future, the *Polo-Post* future, will bring forth."

"Il Signior Barringer!" said a servant, entering at the moment.

Mr. Barringer did not at this time give any promise of that grandiose astuteness and princely roguery that he has since displayed. But for a somewhat exaggerated gravity of demeanour, you would have thought him common-place, almost dapper. There was, however, about him an uncanniness, a metallic ring, like that of the sovereign-scoop.

"I see there was a good deal of fluctuation in the English Stock Exchange yesterday," said Mr. Artus, after Miss Harry had provided Mr. Barringer with a cup of tea.

"There was a slight relapse towards evening!" said the secretary of the Credit Co-operative, munching a piece of thin bread and butter.

"Ecuador New Consolidateds were quoted at 45½."

"But they went down to 45¼ later on."

"And they said, Let us *Speckle it*, and they *Speckled it*," said Max, coming behind his sister as she was pouring out another cup for her father."

What are the special faculties that breed enormous wealth? In this room, in the Palace Aldobrandini, were two of the most successful money-mongers in Europe; and as they sat in a corner mumbling their solemn money-litanies, this question suggested itself to me. Long drawn lines starting downwards from the corner of the mouth of each, and from the eyes, together with a pallor and a want of healthy tone, told the medical man of long days passed at a desk over regiments of figures, of a life passed without proper exercise and sufficient fresh air. But what struck me at the time, and what has since afforded me much matter for reflection, was this, that the American had a far more intellectual face than the Englishman. Mr. Barringer had a low forehead, ordinary features, and a heavy jowl, vulgarised by a bunch of thick black whiskers, worn without a moustache. The American, on the other hand, with his thin hachetty face, high nose, bald forehead, and the beard of a French marshal, looked intellectual, refined, able, honest. Grain by grain he had piled up a huge mass of ingots with the sweat of his brow, and now by a paradoxical law he was passing sleepless nights in scheming to scatter it.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Max had his way about the Polo match. He was a wild, impulsive young man, who was quite accustomed to have his own way, one, who, in the midst of a fever, would start off to a bout of *ecarté*, and who, in the crisis of erysipelas, would sigh for *cocktails* and Havana cigars. But he made up for his shortcomings as a patient, by an immense amount of pluck and vitality. He was a young man who took a deal of killing.

I was still living in the Palazzo Aldobrandini, although I had made two or three efforts to get away.

"You are tired of us already!" said Miss Harry with a pretty pout.

"Not so; but when a glazier or a carpenter comes to your house to do a job, and the job is completed, he takes up his paper cap."

"Yes, but you did not come as a glazier, although papa asked you to do so. You came as a friend."

"You have all been very kind to me, I know, and through the family I have tumbled into a great deal of Roman practice. I have my invalids to attend to—Lady Priory——"

"Who thinks everything wrong except eating, and therefore eats a great deal too much? I wish there was a tract, *The Dinner Knull*, pointing out the great dangers to body and soul that result from

*croquesquis* and *croustades*, à la *Montglas*, and snipe, truffled in pretty paper cases. I would send it to her at once in revenge for the many puny leaflets that she has sent to me."

"If she sends you leaflets I must tend her very carefully, that she may be long preserved to keep you in order."

"I won't be kept in order! How provoking you are."

"And I won't go to this Polo match. A grave doctor would be quite out of place amongst all you frivolous and fashionable people."

A bright sun was on the Campagna as we drove out to the Polo match. Its strong light fell upon the picturesque ruins around and upon the violet hills of Frascati and Albano. Fashionable crowds, English, American, Italian, Russian, were all driving in the same direction. Behind us arose the majestic pinnacles of purple Rome.

I think I never saw Miss Harry look so beautiful. Her dark brown hair was in rich clusters, and her complexion, without being waxen or sickly, was perhaps the whitest that I ever saw in woman. Her nose was slightly curved; her lips full; her teeth white and regular. Her eyebrows were dark and distinctly pencilled. Her eyes sparkled or grew pensive as the mood took her. Other beauties were near, for we were in regions where artists dream. There was the beautiful Countessa Ricordi who might have suggested a saint to Raffaelle, and Caterina Fermoli, who was worthy of being changed to marble by Canova. There was the beautiful Princess Frascati (American), and Miss Mathers (English). But Miss Harry eclipsed them all. Her dress was fresh, cool, and very graceful, art taking perhaps a little too much solicitude to conceal its artifices.

"Ah, monsieur Max, charmed to see you again alive. Monsieur Artus, *bella giornata!* Mademoiselle, your toilette is ravishing! It is what shall you say in English, *tailladée, echancrée, decoupée*, as if at the hands of angels!"

"How do, Prince!" said Max, very surlily.

"Hearing the calamity that had happened in the *fratello*, I did feel it as if it had occurred to my own brother. Ah, the Briganti! But with *these* in Rome, no life is safe. Shall we make the little wager, Mademoiselle, ten pairs of the most tender chocolate gloves?"

Prince Presto, for he it was, was attired in the whitest buckskin breeches, and the most shiny Napoleon boots ever seen. On his head was a little scarlet cap like a cavalry forage cap. The rest of his Polo costume was, at present, concealed by a grey Derby wrapper from the establishment of Mr. Poole. The Prince was to play in the "team" of which Kingsbury was the captain. The game of Polo was a novelty in Rome. The Prince, who had played a little in England, and prided himself on his horsemanship, had taken up the idea rapturously when Captain Kingsbury and Captain Cordingly had proposed to get it up. The race course is near the ruins of Roma Vecchia, and an enclosure of grass bounded by numerous little flags had been prepared for the contest. Round this a throng of carriages was already drawn up, and two masts, with the Italian

gonfalon streaming in the lazy air, formed the goal at either end of the arena.

"My dear, I'm so *glad* that you are able to come, and that the brother is going on so well. Boys will be boys, as I say to Robin. He wants to bet with your brother, I believe, but I have positively forbidden it, and got the Canon to talk to him. Do you know the Canon? Let me introduce him? Canon Brocklebank! He thinks the escape of your brother quite providential!"

"Luckily, Lady Sherwood, we had good advice," said Miss Harry, when the introduction was completed.

"Oh, yes—Dr. Ah!" said the great lady not noticing me. She always called me "Dr. Ah!" Here the Canon, a man of very imposing presence, who was reported to be toadying Lady Sherwood to get at the church patronage of Lord Sherwood, made a remark that he had heard the King was coming to witness the game. At church this ecclesiastic had so solemn a manner that the wits were sure that he read from a Peerage disguised as a prayer-book.

"Bonjour, Prince! My darling, I must *quite* caution you against that man. He is a mere *blackleg*, this is Robin's expression. You have no mother, and I take the *liberty* to point out to you that you cannot be too *careful* in choosing your acquaintances."

Lady Sherwood was so far like a famous princess in fairy land that pearls seemed constantly in her mouth, but she appeared to retain them there for fashionable mumbling sounds when she talked.

And now Prince Presto has taken off his Derby overcoat; and attired in a white flannel jersey, and what seems like a narrow scarlet scarf across his chest, he mounts a grey pony. The legs of this little animal are bandaged up. Soon the Roman nobleman is in the arena with a Polo club in his hand, making imaginary cuts and slashes. The crowd, who have never seen the game before, watch this Polo preliminary with intense excitement. Suddenly the King's carriages appear, and they traverse the ground with some pomp.

And now the other Polo players appear. All are dressed something like Prince Presto, excepting that the cavaliers on Captain Cordingly's side wear blue, where the others wear red. After a little preliminary galloping, the combatants form two groups, five in each group near the masts where the gonfalon flags are waving. In the centre of the arena the umpire, Major Curtis, rides up to toss down the ball; and, in anticipation of this event, the two captains advance a short distance from their comrades, and gracefully raise their polo clubs to their caps, as if saluting with swords.

Off! The ball is on the grass, and Captain Kingsbury and Captain Cordingly fly away like sky rockets, galloping madly forward, from opposite ends with their lances couched. The crowd cry *Bravo!* and the excitement spreads to the good folks in carriages. Who will get the first stroke? The intervening distance is traversed in a few seconds, and Captain Kingsbury gives the hard, white wooden ball a great smite with his club, about one second before Captain Cordingly can reach it. Loud bravos resound from all parts.

The game of Polo is too well known to need a long description. The players galloped and slashed and turned swiftly round, driving the ball first this way and then that. In one *melee* it came close to the carriage of Mr. Artus, and then a phenomenon which had puzzled both Miss Harry and myself was explained. One of the riders from the very first had looked very like Max. It was Max. The wild young man, heedless of his critical state of health, had crept quietly away and changed his dress in a tent. He was now galloping about with as much fury as the rest. This rashness, on his part, led to an adventure, trifling, apparently, but fraught with more serious consequences.

He played on Captain Cordingly's side, and in one of the turns of the game a back hander from Captain Kingsbury sent the ball away to an empty part of the field, and Prince Presto and Max at full gallop converged towards it. Unfortunately they came into collision, and the Prince was rolled over and over. No bones were broken, but the Prince was under an impression that his fall was not the result of mere accident.

"You rash boy. You nearly killed yourself," said Harry in the carriage.

"Not a bit of it! You see I had on a pair of *Antinecropolis* gaiters!" There is a leathern covering for the legs of riders bearing a title of a somewhat similar sound.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### Folly.

I LOVED Henrietta Artus almost from the very first moment that I saw her. She seemed a Princess of Fairyland, ruling her palace with pretty grace. Affectionate, sparkling, merry, she was gentle, immensely fond of her father and brother, immensely kind to everybody whatever their rank. This trait I attributed to her democratic training. I had now been an inmate of the Palazzo Aldobrandini for more than five weeks, and during all this time, as she loved her brother to distraction, I saw as much of her almost as I could possibly desire. She had to draw me aside at every hour of the day, and whisper to me her doubts, her hopes, her fears; and I had to whisper back the very best consolation that I could find. At meals we were often *tête à tête*, and during the long evenings when the papa was asleep, I had her also all to myself. She was cultivated, original; and, like many American ladies, her reading was much more varied than that of English ladies. What wonder that my love grew stronger and stronger. No doubt it was an ideal love as for a non-existing person. Perhaps it was this perfectly spiritual character of my feeling towards her which gave me at first a certain help. She was evidently cloyed with the flatteries of her numerous admirers, and frankness was a novelty to her. She told me as much one day when she happened to return to the question of my becoming a protector to Max.

"You must know, Dr. Ives, that I consider you a friend."

"Thank you very much. I am sure all your family have been very friendly to me."

"Ah, but I'm talking of myself—my *very own* self—as little children would say."

"I am always ready to listen to little children when they are good."

"Perhaps you think that I have only known you for a short time, but you are different from the other gentlemen that I see around me——"

"That may be a moderate compliment, Miss Artus, or a very great one!" I felt the folly of this remark as soon as it was uttered.

Miss Harry gazed at me for one moment with her staring eyes. She then said suddenly—

"Promise me this, doctor, that you will not make love to me!"

"Stick to your gallipots," I said laughingly, "Is that your advice?" We had been reading aloud the life of Keats, for the benefit of Mr. Artus, senior, who snored through it bravely. The vulgar sarcasm of a Quarterly Reviewer that was supposed at one time to have cut short the life of a great poet, amused us; and Miss Harry wondered whether a Quarterly Reviewer could ever hope to kill a poet again.

"There now, you know that I did not mean anything so outrageous," said Miss Harry, bridling up.

"There is nothing outrageous in what you have said, Miss Artus. On the contrary, it is calm and dispassionate reason. I am a poor doctor, and if I were to tell you that my intercourse with you during the last five weeks, and the observations that I have made of your nobleness, will, in all possibility, colour the remainder of my life, I should, of course, render myself open to the charge of presumption and folly. Perhaps I love you, perhaps I do not. At anyrate, my love is ideal, hopeless, unselfish!" The silliness of this "bounce" struck me before I had done talking.

"What a speech!" she said, very gently, and with an enigmatical blush. "I'm sure I mean't no harm."

But, although in the solitude of my own room I always admitted my love to be hopeless, the concrete and matter-of-fact reality of this hopelessness never came quite home to me until the day of the Polo match. This is the true age of gold; and there, under the strong Italian sun, its evidences were flaunting abroad, splendid equipages, horses, ladies' dresses; and as the champagne detonated, I felt dull, pulseless, oppressed. Amid all this splendour and turmoil, I felt that I was of no more importance than the model beggars who paraded their picturesque rags. If Miss Harry had had the nobleness to forget our unequal fortunes, perhaps such an effect was beyond me. She was an initiate in the higher mysteries of soul, but plainly I was not.

Despairing love often means jealousy, which wants its meat to feed on, as gentlemen with binoculars, and green veils round white hats, want *paté de foie gras* and truffled *galantine*. Whilst Lord Robin Hood and Max, with many friends, were emptying a rather large basket



supplied by Messrs. Spielman, at the hospitable carriage of Mr. Artus, my discontent had fastened itself upon—Captain Kingsbury.

He seemed to me a very dangerous rival indeed, in his faultless Polo dress of white flannel, picked out with scarlet. He was tall, handsome, powerfully built, but with quite as much grace as strength in his limbs and figure. At the game of Polo it was soon seen that he was far more skilful than the other players; and once or twice when the ball was detached from them, and Kingsbury leading the field at full gallop, pursued it with a succession of vigorous blows, the crowd cheered enormously, and I found myself joining in the general enthusiasm. His steed was a little brown thorough-bred, well trained for the pastime. It is said that these little animals know by the sound whether the ball has been hit or missed, and whether they are to shoot forward after it at racing speed or turn like lightning.

Captain Kingsbury was very well off, some said that he speculated. It was also announced everywhere that his brother was consumptive, and that he would shortly be a baronet with 15,000 a year. Rome supplies the English in winter with many advantages, bright skies, a soft climate, a beautiful city, ruins, pictures, pageants, memories. And in return, England supplies Rome with pretty tourists in paniers, with Philistines, Polo, pigeon-shooting, rinks perhaps. In the ball-room and the hunt, Captain Kingsbury was alike supreme; and at the Court receptions, his yeomanry jacket, covered with Crimean decorations, eclipsed the scarlet of the Deputy Lieutenants. He was five and thirty. He was in the charge of Balaclava as a cornet. He wore a large black moustache and no whiskers. His face was handsome, with something of the Red Indian about it, a polished, and civilised Red Indian, I always thought.

I had an engagement to dinner after the Polo, and did not appear in the drawing-room of the Palazzo Aldobrandini until the evening. Lady Sherwood was there, and Lord Robin Hood, and Captain Kingsbury. I approached Miss Harry to help her with her tea-cups. And her manner, I thought, was unusually cold. Afterwards she sat alone, discoursing almost in a whisper with Captain Kingsbury.

That night I told Mr. Artus that his son was cured, and the next morning I decamped. An organ was grinding out the hackneyed air, *Partant pour La Syrie*, as my fly, with two old portmanteaus on the roof, was passing out of the courtyard of the palace.

*"Amour à la plus belle  
Honneur au plus vaillant!"*

*(To be Continued).*

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END OF VOL. IV.

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